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THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

By Mrs. C. Gore.

[illegible]

A TALE OF AN OLD HIGHLANDER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

When I was a shepherd at Willenshee, there came to that place in the summer of 1789, a little old Highlander, whose name was Alexander Stewart, but who had all his life been distinguished by the name of Boig, from his father's farm. He remained with us all summer and harvest, and I think I never was so sorry at parting with a neighbor servant of the same sex before. He was what the rest of the servants called "a shrewd sensible body;" indeed far—far above the people of that rank in Scotland. He had served both in America and at Gibraltar, and told me wonderful stories of both. The rest of the servants accounted all these stories lies; but not so with me; I swallowed them all as genuine truth; and if they were not so, they certainly told very like truth.

"How did you come to lose all your fore-teeth, Boig?" said I to him one day, as we were reaping together. Instantly laid his sickle on his shoulder, put a hand to each side, felt his mouth with his fore-finger, and said, "Why, boy, I lost them at Gibraltar by a very singular accident. You see, I was stationed at a cannon on the counter-mure, and he there comes a Spanish twenty-six pounder, with such a d—— whizz, that the very wind of it threw me about twenty yards to the left-about way from the battlement, where, falling on the pavement, I knocked out the whole of my teeth as you see."

"How did you come to know the weight of the ball so exactly, Boig?"

"Why, because I weighed it."

"Weighed it! How did you catch it going at such a rate?"

"O! bless your soul, boy, it struck the rock right behind my station, and killed two men in rebounding, and so, he having proved such an extraordinary fellow, we weighed him."

But the story which I set out with a design of telling was one which I made him tell several times over, and which he did with no variation that I could mark. He was witness to all the transactions himself, as far as a livery servant could be witness to them, and these often know more of the secrets and concerns of a family, than their most intimate acquaintances do. I cannot vouch for the truth of the narrative, having no authority for it but Boig's words; it is therefore with diffidence that I mention the names and titles of the actors; but without doing so I cannot tell the story at all, which I shall give in very nearly his own words. I cannot conceive why Lady Livingston was; the rest of the names will answer for themselves if such men really were—for I do not know.

"I was chief servant with old Lady Livingston in Edinburgh, for many years, and was frequently trusted by gentlemen with messages and letters to her niece Barbara Stewart, by far the greatest beauty of her day.

"She was held up beside as a great fortune; but as to that I can say nothing. She was heiress to her aunt, that is certain—and I believe to some trifling estates about Perthshire. However, she had plenty of suitors, for I believe there was not a young nobleman or gentleman in the kingdom who ever saw her face, that did not fall in love with her. It seemed to be the fashion of the day to be in love with Barbara; and to be seen with her in public was sufficient to introduce a young man into genteel society. Those were grand days for me, for I took bribes from every body and served nobody. Lady Livingston was strict and severe on the beauty, consequently there were private appointments to make, and billet-doux without end to deliver, by which I was the only profiter, beside my young mistress, to whom presents poured in of the richest value.

"But of all the suitors, Captain James Drummond, son to the Earl of Melford, was the favorite. Her high notions of noble descent, ancient and dignified lineage, with prospects of future greatness, secured her interest in his favor; and she ceased not teasing her niece early and late about the Captain's high qualities. Barbara had nothing to say against them. She seemed quite indifferent, and liked him just as well as any other, answering her aunt with some general remark, as, 'Indeed! is he so very accomplished?—Well, I declare I should hardly have discovered it, if you had not told me. Thank you, my dear aunt,' or, 'Well, I believe it. How can I do otherwise, when my dear aunt tells me so? The young soldier is good enough, without doubt, to those who love him; and too good for those who love him, and cannot get him! Heigh-ho!'

"'Well, Baby, my dear, I have no wish to force your inclinations; but I have more nieces than you, that is some comfort you know; and if you are determined to live and die an old maid—'

"'O! shocking!' screamed Barbara, 'I live and die an old maid? I declare I shall faint!—O! dear aunt, what thought of me brought such a horrid expression into your mouth? He—he—he! Live and die—an old maid? O! (*a shriek*) Boig, I beseech you, go with my compliments to Captain Drummond, and desire him to come here on the instant.—What do you laugh at you impertinent dog?'

"'I beg your pardon, Miss Barbara,' said I, 'I have been guilty of a great breach of good manners, but on my soul I could not help it. Your terrible hurry in sending for Captain Drummond—are you quite serious?'

"'Yes, perfectly serious. Tell him I have something very serious to say to him, and my aunt has something very particular to say to him.'

"'But are you quite sure, madam, that I shall get into the castle at this late hour? or, that if I were to get in, that it is probable he will get out?'

"'He can come over the wall, you know. You can let him down by a rope. Be sure to take a long strong rope with you: for he must come, that's flat. My aunt has given me such a fright, that I shall not get out of it again till I am married. Go instantly, for I will tease the Captain first, who is so agreeable to my aunt; for the first man that pops the question to me now, I'll chop him—that I will.'

"'Was there ever such a madcap?' exclaimed Lady Livingston, holding up her hands. 'Take away those things, Boig, and go to your bed. Does the buoyant pit suppose that she is to make fools of herself and me? I'll teach her otherwise! What, send for a young officer express after supper?—The girl's distracted!—moonstruck!'

"Barbara was evidently enjoying her freak and her aunt's loss of temper; for, as I was retiring, she cast to me a look so languishing, and at the same time so sly, that I was speeding out at the door for fear of again bursting forth in laughter. But she called me back, and continuing the same expression of countenance, said, 'Boig—I say, Boig.—Hem! Pray, have *you* ever thought of marrying?'

"This was said in a manner conveying the insinuation that in her forlorn circumstances she would willingly marry me that very night. The old lady sprang to her feet in a great rage, or rather consternation, thinking her darling niece seized by a fit of lunacy. I rushed the door close behind me, and fled, actually perspiring with suppressed laughter. It is nothing to tell the story, but had you seen it acted, as I did, it was exquisite.

"The next day Captain Drummond came; whether sent for or not, I cannot tell. I suspect that he was, for one of the girls brought in a cradle after breakfast. He remained with the ladies all the forenoon, and they were denied to every one else. I was only once in with a chicken *en ail* some wine, and shall never forget the scene. There was my lady sitting with all the importance of a great diplomatist, turning her benevolent looks on the 'honorable Captain,' as she always styled him. There was Barbara with looks as demure as a devotee's and as innocent as a lamb, but well could I see the larking mischief in them, and that she was playing the devil with Captain Drummond's heart, misleading him in the most serious concern of life, and actually doing all she could to make a fool of him, while at the same time he was gazing on her with a fondness which I never saw equalled.

"I don't know what passed that day: I would have given any thing in life to have heard, but could not. I rather suppose that the nuns was carrying on the same lesson as the evening before, and was all complaisance and condescension. Certain it is, the match was concluded that day, for so it afterwards appeared; at least that Captain Drummond supposed the match concluded: that there was another supposed no such thing, I was quite convinced. I knew her well! A finer form or lovlier, sure I never beheld; but there was a piquancy and sly restless mischievousness in her disposition quite peculiar. She flaunted and dashed on as usual without the least difference, and with much less restraint from her old aunt, who was pleased with her darling's complaisance. And, moreover, the division of the 42nd regiment, then in the castle, was ordered into Sussex to join the rest of the regiment, so that Captain Drummond was separated from his adored Miss Stewart for an indefinite space of time. It made no difference with Barbara. On she went receiving new lovers almost every day, and treating them even more kindly than before.

"The principal lover now was Mr. John Lion, likewise a sprig of nobility; a great puppy, very handsome, proud, and overbearing, and rather kept other lovers aloof by his boldness and importance than tried to make an impression on the lady's heart by kindness and condescension. Whether she really ever cherished a thought of marrying this young man or not, it is impossible to say, for no living man could calculate on her motives from her actions. Perhaps she did; for the greatest coquette keeps an eye forward to marriage as the *ne plus ultra* of gallantry. She gave him at this time deadedly the preference to all others, of which he made a very haughty use, pushing himself between her and other gallants without ceremony, saving only saying, 'Begging your pardon, Sir,' or something to the same purpose.

"Matters were in this state, when there arrived from London an Honorable Mr. John Drummond, who brought several letters of introduction from noble Jacobite families there, and, among others, one to Lady Livingston, stating that he was only son to the late Edward Drummond, Duke of Perth, and the lineal heir of the great Perth estates, on the removal of the forfeitures, which was then under consideration. The young man was in consequence of this, much caressed, and by none more than Lady Livingston, who all but worshiped him. He had been born and bred in France, and was a thorough Frenchman—all flattery, wit, and good humor and the very man for Barbara Stewart."

Here my description falls far short of the original story-teller, for he had all the Frenchman's motions, his bows, his capers, and his wit, which was ten times more diverting in his broken English and French mixed. I used to laugh immoderately at Boig's exhibition of the Duke of Perth; his good humor with the young lady, and his flattery of the old one. It must have been exquisite!

"Well, truth to say, he was at once the adopted sweetheart; for to see Barbara Stewart was to be in love with her; and this great heir to the Perth estate being taken captive at once, plied his flattery, his bows, and his fantastic motions, with so good an effect, that Barbara Stewart actually was won, to the great delight of Lady Livingston, who thought no more of Captain Drummond, Highland cousin to the new wooer; but acquiesced most liberally in his proposals.

"But then Mr. Lion had gained a real or supposed footing, and his pride and continuancy were not likely to be easily overborne. Of this Mr. Drummond knew nothing, but gallanted his beloved openly, to the great despite of many a love-lorn youth. They visited together many of the old Jacobite families; and at Lord Rollo's fell in with Lion, who evidently laid himself out to insult the new favorite, and even condescended to the meanness of addressing him by the title of Duke de Pert. Drummond, however, put off every thing with some reply that set the whole party in a roar of laughter: he held up his hands, straddled with his knees, turned up the whites of his eyes, 'Ha! Duc de Pert! Very happee!—Excuse propre!—Tank you, Monsieur Lyong! Much obligee!—Great obligationg.'

"The next day being fine, Mr. Drummond and Barbara went out to take a private walk, and at the south point of a place called Burnsfield Links, Mr. Lion came up with them. He called at Lady Livingston's house in the Horse-wynd. I answered the door, and told him which way the lovers had gone. He followed, apparently in a bad humor; and overtaking them at the place mentioned, he as usual pushed himself rudely in between them with a 'Begging your pardon, Sir, but if you please.'

"What! I plaise? Noo; I plaise no such ting. And I will see you to damnation before I sommettre to any sooch traitement. So stand you aside like a gentilhomme."

"At the same time, Barbara drew her arrested arm from Lion, and said, 'Pray, what is the meaning of this, Mr. Lion? Who gave you a right to take such freedoms with me?'"

"Who gave me a right, madam!" exclaimed he, fiercely.

"Ay, who gave you de right, Sir?" asked the Frenchman. "Vas it de baise? Or vas it I? Because vidout de one, or de odert, or byt, you cannot be here." And with that he again took Miss Barbara Stewart's willing arm. Lion was galled beyond what his proud and insolent nature could endure; and cursing Drummond for an imposter, he struck him a violent blow, bidding him make the best of that he could.

"Sir, I will not fight like a beggar; but if you be a gentilhomme, vich I now see you are not, please to draw out your rapiere, and I will trust you troo and troo the bodee. O! you have no weapons! Noo, you come out like blackmoorguard, to beat gentilhomme dat have weapons, tinking you safe. But do you take dat and dat;' and with that, Drummond gave him too hearty kicks, presenting at the same time his sharp rapier in such a manner, that it was impossible for his antagonist to return them.

"There was now no alternative. A challenge from Lion was the consequence. The Master of Rollo and Dr. Graham were the seconds. The rivals met that evening on the spot where they had quarrelled, and Drummond, having the choice of weapons, chose the rapier—'By de cause dat he had noo oder along wit him, and it vold do,' he said.

"Lion acquiesced without hesitation, and soon proved that he was no novice in the art. They fought with great coolness and caution, and with as much ease as if they had been playing with foils. Lion drew the first blood, wounding Mr. Drummond rather slightly below the right arm and across the shoulder. The Master of Rollo then interfered, protesting against further violence; and strange to say, the wounded acquiesced: but the other refused, saying it was a mere scratch; he would have the insulting dog's heart's blood. 'Vat! do you say soo?' cried Drummond; 'den for de dernier resorte.'

"They then fought very hard and close for the space of a minute and a half, when Drummond run him through the body; and the young man was carried home a corpse. Drummond retired to a nominal concealment for a while, but on trial was fairly exculpated. Shortly after that Miss Barbara Stewart and he were married.

"In the interim, word had reached Captain Drummond at head-quarters, how matters were likely to end with his betrothed and his cousin. He therefore got leave of absence for awhile, and posted to Edinburgh; but ere he arrived the marriage was consummated. He had loved with all the warmth of his noble nature, and was so much affected by Barbara's deceit and ingratitude that he fell sick, and scarcely spoke or saw the light for nearly a month. But perhaps, during a part of this time, he had been studying the most ample revenge, which he soon found the means of putting in practice. He conceived himself to have been exceedingly ill used; and without seeing either Barbara or the fortunate lover, he again posted to the regiment, and from thence to London.

"Hitherto no one had doubted that Mr. John Drummond, husband to Barbara Stewart, was the true and lineal heir to the great Perth estate. I cannot be sure that I recollect exactly the relationship, although often minutely described to me by Boig; but I think his father was uncle to James the first, duke of Perth; and on the decease of the latter at St. Germains, this John's father, the Lord Edward Drummond, assumed the title. He spent all his life in the interior of France in religious seclusion, and this John was the only surviving child of him and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Middleton, both of whom were dead, so that there could be no doubt as to his right of succession.

"Captain Drummond, however, saw matters in a different light. Although three or four degrees farther removed, he perceived how difficult it would be for his rival to adduce sufficient evidence of his legitimacy from the interior of France, considering the secluded life of his father, and the then state of that kingdom. The Captain, seizing the opportunity, went boldly forward, and accused his rival as an imposter, and claimed the property for himself. He having the best advocates of the kingdom, the Lords admitted the plea, and ordered the former claimant to produce the proofs of his propinquity.

"Mr. Drummond was astonished at the news. He hasted to London, taking his wife with him, and from thence to Douay in Flanders, where he was born; from thence to Lyons, in pursuit of proper witnesses: which journey took him the greater part of a year. In the mean time Captain Drummond had instituted a keen inquiry at home, and had even brought forward those who deposed that Lady Edward Drummond never had a child; and there were certainly some letters produced, which, if genuine, went far to prove the truth of the statement. The consequence was, that before John Drummond's return to England the minds of the Lords were made up regarding the right of possession; and although they waited his arrival, it was more for form's sake than a permission of the validity of his claims. He came to London at length, and produces a register of his birth from the Catholic College of Douay; but the other party prevailed in procuring its rejection, owing to its non-correspondence with other dates. He brought also plenty of witnesses, who proved his having been brought up and educated as the son of Lord Edward Drummond and of his wife Lady Elizabeth Middleton; but they proved of no avail regarding his birth by that lady, there having been counter-evidence produced, which, in short, was, that after a tedious litigation, it was at last finally decided in the Court of Session at Edinburgh in favor of Capt. James Drummond, of the Melford family, who became thereby possessed of the Perth property.

Never was a retaliation over a successful rival in love more complete than this was, as it left John Drummond and his wife totally ruined in their circumstances and deprived of their hopes. Boig went abroad with them when they went in search of evidence; and on reaching Calais on their way home, Lady Perth, as she had been styled ever since her marriage, was left behind, being unable from the state she was in to proceed further, and Boig remained with her. She was there delivered of a son; but was so meanly lodged, and left so poor, that she was obliged to borrow from Boig till he had not a sixpence left. In this wretched state was the once celebrated beauty lying, when her husband, after long absence, returned to France with the news that they were utterly ruined. But this was not the worst; her husband had published an article in some London journal, I think a magazine, wherein he accused Captain Drummond, then Lord Perth, of the most grievous mal-practices against him—of suborning false witnesses, and keeping back others; and altogether with charges so villainous, that they could not be overlooked. It would have been better had they been so, as interred by an irritated, disappointed man; but the high spirit of Lord Perth would not submit to it. He followed his relation to Calais, accompanied by Major M'Glashan of the 21st, and, after vainly endeavoring to draw from Mr. Drummond a counter-statement, challenged him.

But the circumstances that rendered this tale so interesting to me at first, and impressed all the circumstances so strongly on my remembrance, is yet to narrate; for without something a little tinged with the supernatural, a tale has few charms for me.

Well, it so happened that, one fine pleasant day, as Mr. John Drummond was walking by himself on Burnsfield Links at Edinburgh, near by the scene of the fatal rencounter with John Lion, that gentleman came up to him alive and well, and asked him how he liked to be married. The other, struck with astonishment, made no answer, but stood and gazed at the querist: who, again accosting him, said, 'You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, but I shall be even with you to-day; and the next time I meet you I'll shoot you through here'—touching his head with the point of his fore-finger close above the right ear.

The vision, of course, proved a dream; for instead of being walking on Burnsfield Links, he was lying in his own chamber, in the Horse-wynd with his lovely Barbara in his arms; but the moment the apparition touched him with its finger, he sprang from his bed, and exclaimed that he was shot through the head. His lady started up in amazement, crying out, 'How? Where? By whom?'

'By that scoundrel, Lion!' said he.

It was eight o'clock in the morning; the sun was shining into the room; and when Barbara received this answer she grew pale as death, thinking her husband was deranged.

'It is true!' exclaimed he wildly; 'I am—I am shot through the head, and my brains are blown out. Look, and satisfy yourself, at the hole the bullet has made. Merciful Heaven! was I out on the Links naked?'

'You are raving, Drummond!' cried she, weeping, and throwing her arms about him; 'seized by some mortal frenzy, I fear. Compose yourself, and lie down; for you were out nowhere, but lying sound asleep with me.'

He got his head bound up, and lay down, trying to compose himself; but his ideal wound was so painful, that he continued in an agony until a letter was brought up stairs to him. It was that which stated to him the new claims of his rival on the Perth estate, and the strong doubts entertained of his own propinquity.

This was a most galling business, and the anxiety of mind that it threw him into completely eradicated the vision and the wound from his head; nor did he ever think of them more until the same vision was repeated to him at Calais. He dreamed that he was walking on Burnsfield Links, and that Mr. Lion came up to him and asked him how he liked to be married. The dreamer still had no power to reply, while the other continued, 'You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, and sent me all unprepared to my account. But I am even with you now, and am come to fulfil my promise. Be expeditious, and I will wait here till I take you with me.'

Drummond started up in a cold perspiration, with terror and astonishment; and, just as he was saying to his wife that he was going to die, and would never see the evening of that day, the door opened, and Boig handed him a note from Major M'Glashan. Notwithstanding his solemn and dreadful warning, Drummond refused to retract one item of what he had published, and signed with his name; and the event was that he fought with Lord Perth, and was shot through the head at the first fire, the ball entering immediately above the right ear, on the very spot which the apparition touched with its finger.

The remainder of Barbara Stewart's history is too painful to relate. Poor Boig, who left her at last, having neither money nor clothes to come home with, often wept when speaking of her. With regard to the merits of the cause, I know nothing. It was Boig's opinion that his master was the true and lineal heir; and from him I imbibed my ideas. He always admitted, however, that Captain Drummond, then Lord Perth, was an excellent man, a gentleman of high honor and integrity—indeed greatly superior to the other in every respect; but never that he was the proper heir.

Never was retaliation on a deceitful lover visited home with such an overpowering intensity.

Resentment is an union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest.

BIOGRAPHY

OF SOME OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The following brief sketches are abstracted from biographical notices of thirty-three out of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence: of some of the others, Hancock, the Adamses, Jefferson, Franklin, Chase, &c. their lives and characters are familiar to every reader of American History.

Chancellor Wythe, of Virginia; a lawyer; a judge of the purest morals and deepest learning; idle and dissipated until thirty years of age, when he first applied himself to law; the preceptor of Jefferson.

George Read, of Delaware—an eminent lawyer. His biography is ample, interesting and authentic.

William Williams, of Connecticut—originally a Town Clerk, but liberally educated—then an upright and benevolent merchant: sacrificed the greater part of his gains to the public service.

Samuel Huntington, of Connecticut; a mere ploughman until his twenty-second year; afterwards an eminent lawyer; President of Congress; Chief Justice of his State, and Governor. His biography highly curious.

Wm. Floyd, of New York; a farmer; a general; enjoyed a large share of state honors.

George Walton, of Georgia—originally an apprentice to a carpenter in Virginia; self-educated to the law; a colonel; wounded in battle; twice Governor of Georgia; Chief Justice; a Senator of the United States.

George Clymer, of Pennsylvania—a merchant, fond of literature; a terse, sententious writer: an efficient and honored patriot. His biography full and interesting, but diffusive.

——"Goodness can delight,
Wisdom be wealth, and glory his reward."

Benjamin Rush, as a Physician and an author *inani laude conabitur*: the most celebrated of the American faculty: distinguished also for his political connexions and labors.

Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire—a successful practitioner of medicine; army-surgeon before the Revolution, a President of the provincial Convention; a Judge of the Supreme Court: a man of wit and humor—continued to practise physic while a judge, wrote political essays for the newspapers, and prepared a metaphysical work for publication, after he was eighty years of age—died in his eighty-ninth year.

William Whipple, of New Hampshire—originally a cabin boy and sailor—a captain at the age of 21, then a merchant, a general, who fought with Gates, and elsewhere—arranged the capitulation of Burgoyne—a Judge of the Superior Court. "As a sailor," says the Biography, "he speedily attained the highest rank in his profession—as a merchant, he was circumspect and industrious, as a Congressman he was firm and fearless—as a legislator, he was honest and able—as a commander, he was cool and courageous—as a judge, he was dignified and impartial—as a member of many subordinate offices, he was alert and persevering. He bore all his honors with modesty and propriety.

Dr. John Witherspoon, of New Jersey—an eminent and profound divine—President of Nassau Hall College—a political writer of force and talent—a statesman of great influence and energy. His biography is ample and instructive.

Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania; a merchant—the unrivalled financier of the Revolution—the pecuniary soul of the cause. His Biography, like that of others, needs compression, but it is interesting and correct.

Abraham Clark, of New Jersey; a surveyor, a lawyer who gave gratuitous counsel.

Francis Lewis, of New York; a merchant and soldier before the Revolution—very useful as a *rebel*—his fine estate on Long Island, destroyed by the British, and his wife carried off a prisoner—she died soon after, from the ill treatment which she experienced. He was ruined by the part which he took on the American side—he died in the ninetieth year of his age.

John Penn, of North Carolina; uneducated in early life, became a lawyer, and eminent, by opsimathy.

James Wilson, of Pennsylvania; a lawyer of rare capacity, and of surpassing faculties as a speaker and writer—an efficient political essayist—the principal advocate of the Constitution of 1787, in the Pennsylvania Convention—Professor of Law, and a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. His Biography replete with valuable information of political anecdote.

Carter Braxton, of Virginia; a planter—became a merchant—lost all and died of a broken heart.

John Morton, of Pennsylvania; a Surveyor—Speaker of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania—a Judge of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth—gave the casting vote of the Pennsylvania Delegation, for the Declaration of Independence—originally a plough boy.

Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island—a plain farmer, surveyor, became Speaker of the Assembly, Chief Justice, then Governor of Rhode Island; a man of superior sense, and a good and successful writer, a distinguished mathematician and Natural Philosopher, though his education was slight, and a member of the American Philosophical Society. His signature to the Declaration is the only crooked and feeble one. "As it indicates," says his biographer, "a very tremulous hand, in perfect contrast with the bold and prominent writing of President Hancock, it may have engendered surmises unfavorable to the determined spirit of Mr. Hopkins. We therefore state, that for a number of years previous, he had been afflicted with a nervous affection, and when he wrote at all, which was seldom, he was compelled to guide his right hand with his left."

Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania; a lawyer of great abilities and ardent Revolutionary patriotism; Chief Justice of the Commonwealth; Governor, died at eighty-three years old. His biography entirely authentic; and replenished with instructive details.

James Smith, of Pennsylvania, lawyer and surveyor, remarkable for facetiousness and eccentricity, practised the law for upwards of 60 years, died a *nonagenarian*. His article very pleasant.

Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, educated in England, an opulent planter, active military officer, commander-in-chief of the Virginia militia, whom he bravely and skilfully headed at the siege of York Town, Governor of Virginia, died in reduced circumstances, having made enormous pecuniary sacrifices to the Revolutionary cause.

Joseph Hewes, of North Carolina; a successful merchant, bred a Quaker, died when attending Congress, 1779.

George Taylor, of Pennsylvania, on arriving in America from Ireland, bound himself for a term of ten years as a common laborer, at the iron works at Durham, on the Delaware, near Easton, was made clerk to the works, the proprietor dying, he espoused his widow, and finally became himself the owner of the whole, amassed a large fortune, got into the provincial assembly, a member of business. Nothing more is recollected of him, in the vicinity of his residence, than that "he was a fine man and a furious whig."

John Hart, of New Jersey, a farmer, surnamed "honest John," had never held a public office, when he was chosen a delegate to Congress, his farm pillaged and destroyed by the Hessians, his biography possesses a very peculiar interest, as a very edifying illustration of the character and course of an American yeoman.

Lewis Morris, of New York, a gentleman farmer, a large landed proprietor, his whole domain laid waste and ruined by the enemy, had three gallant sons in the field, the celebrated Governor Morris his half brother.

Wm. Ellery, of Rhode Island—a well educated lawyer, an early Revolutionary patriot, a very useful member of Congress throughout the war. "He often," says his biographer, "spoke of it as an event which many regarded with awe, perhaps with uncertainty, but none with fear." He used to relate that he placed himself beside the secretary, Charles Thomson, and eyed each delegate closely as he affixed his name to the document, and he saw dauntless resolution in every countenance. Ellery died without pain, at the age of ninety-three, sitting upright in his bed and reading Tully's Offices in the Latin.

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long:
Even wonder'd at because he dies no sooner:
Even seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on twelve winters more;
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Lyman Hall, of Georgia; an emigrant from Connecticut; a well trained physician; a useful member of Congress; made great sacrifices; Governor of Georgia, 1783.

Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut; a graduate of Yale College; captain in the army before the Revolution; studied medicine; a Major General of Militia, aided in conquering Burgoyne; a Judge; finally Governor of Connecticut.

Richard Stockton, of New Jersey; an accomplished lawyer and scholar, unrivalled at the bar of his profession, travelled with much eclat in Great Britain, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court in New Jersey, embarked early and vehemently in the Revolution, surprised and captured by the enemy, and committed to the common jail in New York, congress directed General Washington to interfere in his behalf and threaten retaliation, his health impaired, his property devastated, died prematurely of complicated afflictions, occasioned by his patriotism.

Button Gwinnett, of Georgia; originally a merchant, became a planter, an enthusiastic *rebel*, president of provincial council, killed in a duel with General M'Intosh, in 1777, at the age of forty-five.

Josiah Bartlett, of New Hampshire; a successful practitioner of medicine, a leading whig in his province, commanded a regiment, the first who voted in Congress for the Declaration, and the second who signed it, chief justice of New Hampshire, the first republican Governor of that State.

Philip Livingston, of New York, one of the committee of five appointed to prepare the Declaration of Independence, a graduate of Yale College, a prosperous and honored merchant, conspicuous member of the provincial legislature, speaker, died while attending Congress, in 1778, a martyr to his public zeal.

Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, also one of the committee of five, apprentice to a shoemaker; pursued the business until after he was 22 years of age, travelled on foot, with his tools, gathering a livelihood, nourished his mind by various reading, kept a country store, turned surveyor, applied himself to the law, acquired a practice and fame, member of the colonial assembly, member of the Albany Convention of 1754, Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut, 24 years, member of Congress from the opening of the first, in 1774, down to the period of his death, in 1793, of great authority and usefulness, a member of the convention that framed the present constitution of the United States, took a considerable and influential part in the debate, a senator in Congress, a shrewd and ready writer, a logical debater, a model of probity, discretion and steadfastness, as much reverenced as any patriot of the times. His biography is full of instruction, but prolix to tediousness.

The other signers are John Hancock, William Hooper, Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward, Jr., Thomas Lynch, Jr., Arthur Middleton, Samuel Chase, William Paca, Thomas Stone, Charles Carrol, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Lightfoot Lee, Benjamin Franklin, George Ross, Cæsar Rodney, Francis Hopkinson, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert T. Paine, Elbridge Gerry.

Thus ends a list of worthys (but only one of whom survives) which will be held in grateful recollection to the latest posterity—a roll of names to which, for acts springing from disinterested patriotism, the annals of the world furnish no parallel.

From the Casket.

FALL OF PERU.

Spencer July 20th, 1831.

Mark the Peruvian—he stands with delight,
And greets nature's charms as they burst on his sight!
Not a pang of keen woe e'er ruffles his breast;
His griefs are beclouded and his mind is at rest.
August his form rises on Andes' huge steep,
As the balm teeming breezes melodiously sweep;
And such picturesque scene more enchantingly seems,
Than the net-work of fancy or the spirit of dreams.
And his fond bosom melts with rapture in view
Such unmingled pleasures showered down on Peru.
The landscape beneath, with its verdure of green,
While the streamlets meander the valley between,
While the flowerets are shedding their fragrance around,
And nature's choice diamonds bespangle the ground,
No'er bring such enrapturing thoughts to his soul,
While the sweets of contentment incessingly roll.
As the rights of his nation, bold, august and grand,
Untouched by the dread tyrant's withering hand.
The Incas' proud throne, in its splendor arose,
Emblem to freemen, but dreadful to foes.
Through a long round of years it had risen to fame,
Till the title of Incas was equal to fame.
Thus thought the brave hero—he rose from his lair;
Anon there was heard, the fierce shriek of despair,
For the foeman he saw on the ocean's white spray,
While their banners reflected the splendor of day.
Hark! as the winds sweep the blue arched sky,
The Spaniard's revenge—the Peruvians shall die.
The Spaniard's revenge—unknowing, unknown,
'Twas a death to the king, and a curse to his throne
Lo! yonder approaches the tyrant's dread form,
Array'd in the gloom and the wrath of the storm.
See! yonder his minions with banners unfurled,
Have rushed like an avalanche down on the world
Have rush'd like a torrent, with terror and might,
To wrap the sad land in sorrow and night.

Such were the agitations of his soul, when he pondered on the magnificent prospect that burst upon his ravished vision. The anticipations of hope are sweet, and its keenest pangs are not experienced until its many fatal delusions stalk in wild array before the awakened fancy. But the Peruvian stands alone—his rock of defence is gone—the ancient hold of his grandeur is usurped by strangers, and the schemes of his future felicity have forsaken him forever. He was once the unknown flower, shedding its unrivalled fragrance over the surrounding gloom of the desert; but he is now drooping and drowned, and meeting the indignant frowns of a despising world. Facts tell us that the Peruvian stands alone. By a glance of retrospection, permit me to call your attention to that period when he ruled, the lord of the land, and when the feet of the white man had not yet polluted the coast of his ancestors. This is a time fraught with nobleness and generosity, rarely witnessed in the annals of the inhabitants of America. But the history of the Peruvian proves, that although the condition may be wild and uncultivated, yet still that the bosom glows with the finest feelings of humanity, and the brightest scintillations of native philanthropy. Such traits as these, will ever be cherished by the humane and benevolent, as the rude, yet hallowed characteristics of Peruvian magnanimity. We find him, on the first discovery of this continent, wild as the panther of the forest, yet pure and unpolluted as the breeze that passes by him. Concerned about nothing but himself, he passed silently down the gently flowing current of life, and his bark was wafted by many a prosperous gale, and many a scene bespoke the feelings of his ravished soul, and creation appeared to him a wild of flowers and sweets and uncontaminated enjoyment. In this moment of dear contentment, lo! the base, the fell pollutor comes. He comes with all the fiery wrath and desolating fury of an Attila. He comes to blast every field—to consume every dwelling—to demolish every temple—to annihilate every god. One universal desolation spread over this luxuriant land. One gloomy, ruined aspect was all that remained of Spanish persecution and Spanish vengeance. Even fancy fails to pourtray in vivid colors this sad and awful drama. The scene was calculated to arouse from their slumberings the warmest feelings and the most tender emotions of the soul. At that critical juncture, where slept the warrior's indignation? Where slept the silent, yet awful workings of the Peruvian's spirit? In the tomb of his foe—where dwelt the piteous female, encumbered with her calamities, and where nestled the infant, unconscious of its mother's wrongs—the mother and the child found their rest in the tomb. Doleful beyond description, were the sufferings of the Peruvians at that time, when the crimes and depravities of Europe sought a shelter in this land, to the partial dissolution of this benighted child of America. The Peruvian bore all, till the mighty impulse of nature aroused him from his lair to a manly vindication of his infringed prerogatives. In his turn, destruction was not more meek. Many a Spaniard sighed, and many a widow mourned for the departed spirit of her long adored husband, and many a scene of massacre and flame, bespoke the issue of the Peruvian's awakened wrath. But the times have changed. The winds blow a piercing blast upon the home of his ancestors, and they bleakly howl through the lonely forest. The graves of the slaughtered Peruvians are scarcely known, and no signature bespeaks the rest of the departed dead, save now and then some mounds of earth, that point to the dreary wanderer the place where some brave warrior sleeps. A chilly horror pervades the barren wild, and awful silence reigns in tenfold terror there. The Peruvian stalks in solemn grandeur over the forsaken places of his youthful enjoyments, and he gives a passing glance, ominous of his inward feelings, of his ancient glory, gone forever. He may commune with the supposed tombs of his forefathers, but doubts and silence rest upon those gloomy regions of the dead. And he stands fixed and mute, unless aroused from deep contemplation, by the rustling of the blast through the yellow leaves of autumn, or by the hollow and distant scream of the wild bird. He arouses from his reverie, and lo! he stands alone, with scarce a friend to tell the tale of his country's wrongs, or point out the dark and bloody path of the aggressor. He turns with disgust from the hated picture, and mourns his nation as lost, beyond the bounds of recovery. He turns his eye to the hills, from which once arose the smoke of the hamlet in graceful ringlets, towering above the giant oak—no hamlet, no smoke is there. All—all bear the marks of destruction and woe—

He stands as the dead, and he stands all alone,
With his bow unstrung and his arrow unthrown;
He sees as the dead, and he longs for the tomb,
The sleep of his fathers, the land of their doom.
He stands as the dead, with his weeping and wail,
For the Spaniards in wrath o'er the native prevail;
He stands as the dead, and his terrors arise,
The Spaniards advance—the Peruvian dies.

RUTGERS COLLEGE.

From the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes.

The following extracts relate to Robert, the celebrated painter, who being at Rome as a pupil of the French Academy, was near perishing in the catacombs of St. Sebastian. He had gone thither to study the frescoes, and lost the ball of thread which served to guide him through the maze of these enormous vaults.

Robert in the Catacombs.

"Robert was a kind and excellent man. He was a man of intellect—he had seen much, retained a great deal, had a very correct judgment, and his conversation was delightful. How cold and colourless is his adventure in the catacombs, as related by Delille, when compared with the rapid and animated narrative which he himself made at my fire-side in his seventy-ninth year. It inspired, no doubt, some very fine verses in Delille's poem; but how cold is this poetry—how devoid of true soul-exciting interest those expressions, by the side of the simple narrative of the real danger they were intended to describe! —whilst the words of this interesting old man, feeble and infirm by the pressure of fourscore years, placed vividly before your eyes the ardent youth of twenty, consigned alive to the tomb, and, in the horror of a lingering death, dragging his weary and exhausted limbs over those stones which he came to depict! How eloquent was he when speaking of that prospect of fame, which the mind of an artist can open to his own fascinated imagination; when describing the first house of his labour in those melancholy vaults, by the hazy and lurid light of a solitary torch, with his bright prospects before him as he then saw them, vast, luminous, and in beauty incomparably beyond all that he had ever before imagined! And then a curtain of lead hid the whole from his view! * * * * He had dreams of heaven; and he found himself in the thraldom of death! To his most delightful thoughts, succeeded the recollections of his mother, whom he was never more to behold!—of his country! Then came physical pain, with nature's powerful voice. He was hungry—he thirsted—he suffered the most cruel tortures. But what expressions could describe the madness of his joy, when, placing his hand upon a heap of human bones, whose chill froze him more than the coldest marble—for were not his own soon to be added to the heap?—his fingers encountered the protecting ball of thread! This could be expressed only in his own words, uttered by himself. In mentioning the circumstance here, I merely describe my recollection of the feelings his story inspired.

Robert on the Dome of St. Peter's, at Rome.

"Robert was one day at St. Peter's. The hour of divine service was past, and he was almost alone. The silent and religious quiet of this vast edifice, was interrupted only by the footsteps of a few casual visiters. Robert cast on all sides his look of ardent enthusiasm, in search of new wonders. On a sudden, he saw a rope descend from the opening at the top of the grand cupola; a workman having approached, fastened to it a bucket of water, and it again ascended. The roof was out of repair, and some masons were at work upon it. This gave him the idea of ascending to the cupola.

"'I was curious,' said he, 'to examine as closely as possible the injury done to this colossus of modern architecture, which, shooting up towards heaven, seems contemptuously to say to the ruined

I sought, I cast my eyes below! At the same instant, a hissing sound whizzed through my ears, my head became covered with a veil of darkness, succeeded by one of fire.—I was seized, in short, with the most horrible vertigo. Fortunately, I had presence of mind immediately to shut my eyes and stand still. I cannot express to you what I felt at this moment, when I heard voices close to my ears, uttering the most dreadful blasphemies! It was the workmen! I opened my eyes to continue my perilous journey, for I felt that if I remained a minute longer in this situation, I should die even without falling.'

"He was advancing with a firm step upon that narrow plank, when he felt the wood crack under him! He was then in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body, so much greater than that of the water bucket, must necessarily break the bridge, and he be precipitated to the bottom.

"'Ah!' said a lad, who heard the wood crack, 'the plank is rotten! The unhappy man will f——.'

"He did not pronounce the word; for the head workman placed his hand upon the lad's mouth.

"When Robert reached the other side, and saw the plank, the abyss, and death behind him, he fell upon his knees and poured forth his humble thanksgiving to Almighty God for his deliverance from danger.

"'Ah! my friends,' said he to the workmen, with a smile of ineffable joy and his eyes swimming in tears, 'how happy I am!'

"But instead of sharing his delight, the workmen seized and beat him furiously.

"'Cursed Frenchman! rascal! scoundrel!' howled the chorus of masons, 'villain how you frightened us!'"

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

From an English Paper.

TORY PROFESSION OF FAITH.

I believe that the Poor should be slaves of the Rich;
I believe that the Irish should die in a ditch;
I believe that the Earl should be ruled by the Sword;
I believe it was made but to profit the Board;
I believe that the Peasant should never be taught;
I believe that the Patriot but seeks to be bought;
I believe that the System of credit is good;
I believe that the discontent should be shov'd by blood;
I believe that all Government Lords and M. P.'s,
May demand of the country whatever they please,
That a Bishop, who sits as a Temporal Peer,
Should have nothing to do, with twelve thousand a year;
I believe in the Good of the National Debt;
I believe that it is not half large enough yet,
And I mean to increase it by all I can't get.

It is said that Nichols, one of the best gunners in the American Navy, is son to a barber, who formerly resided at Gay Head. His skill as a marksman is surpassing. When about four years of age, he was awoke one night by a rat, who was ferociously gnawing his great toe, with as much *gusto* as though it was a piece of real old Dutch cheese. Young Nichols cautiously took a loaded pistol from under his pillow—for even at that early age the heat of his genius had become fully developed—and fired at the rat without rising from his recumbent posture. The pistol contained two buck shot only—but so true was the aim of the youngster, that both took effect, each one entering an eye of the rat, who fell dead on the spot, without a struggle.

Strange Love.—At Taunton, last week, an Inquest was held on the body of a young woman, named Mary Ann Chilcott. It appeared that she had been ardently attached to a young man named Hutchins, who was found drowned in the river a few weeks ago. Since then she had been in a state of despondency, and was very anxious to learn the exact spot of the river in which the body of her lover was found, and frequently spoke of her wish to die, and determination not to live, in a wandering manner. On Wednesday evening her body was discovered floating in the river near the spot where Hutchins was found drowned; and though she was seen to move when first observed by an old woman, who gave an alarm, before she could be got out life was extinct. Her bonnet was hanging on a gate near the spot, her shawl and shoes, and a religious tract, lay on the ground. A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body, and returned a verdict —*Temporary Derangement*. She was buried at the expense of the father of her unhappy lover, and laid in the same grave. A large concourse of persons attended the funeral, and evinced much feeling for the unfortunate lovers.

The speech of Menelbee Nemedicus, a grave and eloquent man, on the subject of marriage, contained the passage 'If Rousseau, we could do without a wife, we should be all without that source of vexation. But since nature has so ordered it that we can neither live with them happily enough, nor without them by any means, we must consult our having security, rather than a transient gratification.' To virgins are addressed the next expressions, 'my delight'—'my charmer'—'my soul'—'light of my eyes,' &c. But as soon as they become married women, then they are changed indeed: the terms then applied to them are 'plagues' —'tempests'—'torments'—'curses'—'continual fevers,' and to sum up all in a word, 'intolerable evil.'

The population of France, according to the census of the present year, which is to be deemed authentic for five years to come, is 24,500,935. Of the 80 departments, those of the Seine, and Nord have the largest population—viz: each more than 900,000. The *population of Paris alone is* 774,338, of which the 12th arrondissement has the largest share, 77,866.

Extraordinary Sagacity of a Dog.—On Saturday night, a boy 12 or 14 years of age, who was climbing on the face of a rock in the Grange quarry, Edinburgh, in search of bird's nests, fell into the deep pool below. His companion ran away, calling for help, and a crowd soon collected. A house carpenter who was present, ran off to the Grange House, for Sir Thomas Lauder's Newfoundland dog. The animal immediately sprang in the pool, and made for the place, where the body though under water was still visible.—He dived once or twice, and, seizing the boy's head, which chanced to be uppermost, he in vain attempted to bring the body ashore; for, as if aware of the necessity of using the most gentle treatment to so vulnerable a part, he took so gentle a hold, that the head slipped from him, and the body sank deeper and deeper at every successive attempt. Again he dived, and succeeded on the surface raising the head gently between his two forepaws; but again it slipped from his grasp, and sank deeper than ever. The dog now seemed to take counsel with himself; he made one or two circles over the place where the body had disappeared, and then dived. He remained under water so long, that the bystanders began to entertain considerable fears for his safety. At length to the great satisfaction of those present, he appeared holding the corpse by the arm, and with his head thrown back, so as to keep the head of his brother clear above the water, and in this way he bore it to the bank. The body was immediately taken to a house, and all exertions and means were used to restore the body to animation, but in vain. The dog would not leave the body, but stood by it, licking the face, and exhibiting his full share of the sympathy excited by this melancholy catastrophe. There was not the slightest scratch on the boy's head or face.—(*Scotsman.*)

Quibble's Last.—"When is a lawyer like a young crow?" said a punning barrister to Tom Quibble the other day. "When he's trying his first cause," answered Tom.

Paper Currency.—All have no doubt heard of the Frenchman's shirt making machine, which was contained in a very small box, into one end of which you put the raw hemp, and, which in the course of a few minutes, came out the other a perfect shirt, ready washed, mangled and plaited. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the above story, but the following which approaches very nearly to it, may be depended upon, and as a striking instance of the perfection to which the manufacturers of this country have attained. A cargo of rags arrived from Hamburgh, one morning, at the port of Leith. They were immediately entered at the Custom House, landed and conveyed to the paper mill, six or eight miles off. They were then converted into paper, carried back to Edinburgh, and the manufacturer took home with him in the evening a copy of the Edinburgh Courant, printed on the paper, which had only arrived in the country that morning in the shape of rags!—*The Original.*

Ireland.—The Rev. Mr. Aylward, Catholic Curate of Thomastown, got out of bed about one on Monday morning, in consequence of hearing a noise in the street, occasioned by the rioting of some persons on their return from the anti-tithe meeting at Ballyhale.—He threw open the window, and was in the act of addressing the mob below, when he unfortunately fell into the street, and was killed on the spot.

New Cardinals.—A letter from Rome, dated the 25th June, says—"The Pope has just created 9 new Cardinals, namely, the Treasurer of the States of the Church, the Governor of Rome, the Major Domo, the Master of the Chamber, the Nuncios of Vienna, Madrid and Lisbon, Father Velzi, Master of the Palace, and Monsignor Gazzoli. Each of these new Cardinals is to receive a salary of 3,000 crowns, or about £660 sterling.

Coffee.—The total quantity of coffee imported into Great Britain in 1831, was 12,759,788 lbs into Ireland, 214,958 lb. The quantity exported from Great Britain was 22,563,790 lbs from Ireland 1,744 lb. The net amount of duty received in great Britain, on coffee imported, was 559,371l. 13s. 6d., and in Ireland, 2,419l. 6s.

Natural Umbrella.—The Talipot of Ceylon, grows to the height of one hundred feet, and its leaf is so large that it will cover from sixteen to twenty men like an umbrella.

Brent Tor Church, Devonshire, situate upon a Rock.—On Brent Tor is a church, in which apposite-ly is engraved from Scripture, "Upon this Rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It is said that the parishioners make weekly atonement for their sins, for they cannot go to the Church without the previous penance of climbing this steep, and the pastor is frequently obliged to humble himself upon his hands and knees before he can reach the house of prayer. Tradition says it was erected by a merchant to commemorate his escape from Shipwreck on the coast, in consequence of this Tor serving as a guide to the pilot. There is not sufficient earth to bury the dead. At the foot of the Tor resided, in 1809 Sarah Williams, aged 107 years. She never lived further out of the parish of Brent Tor than the adjoining one; she had twelve children, and a few years before death cut five new teeth.—*Tomm's Family Topographer.*

Egyptian Squadron.—The Ipsariot brig Buona Speranza, which is the first Greek vessel that has entered the Baltic, has arrived at Cronstadt, having on board two colossal statues of granite, as a present from the Pasha of Egypt to the Russian Autocrat.

Evening Post.

Saturday, Sept. 8th.

Office No. 12 Hudson's Alley, where all kinds of book, pamphlet, and ornamental job printing are executed, at a short notice, on the most reasonable terms. Subscriptions for the Post and Casket and Journal of Health also received. All post paid letters, directed as above, will be promptly attended to.

Literary Premiums.

The publisher of the Casket, a monthly periodical of Literature, Fashions, Belles Lettres, Science, Music and the Arts, with the view of increasing the attraction of the new volume of that work, to be commenced on the first of January, 1833, and at the same time to aid the cause of American Literature, offers the following premiums for original compositions.

100 DOLLARS

For the best original Tale, founded on scenes connected with American History.

30 DOLLARS

For the best original Essay, on any subject within the scope of said publication or interest.

25 DOLLARS

For the best original Poem, not exceeding seventy lines the subject left to the discretion of the writer.

The articles placed in competition for the premiums will be submitted to the following named gentlemen, who have consented to act as judges and award the prizes

Robert Morris, Esq.
Charles Nayior, Esq.
Robert T. Conrad, Esq.
Joseph Fogdall, M. D.
Rev. Matthias, Esq.

All communications to be forwarded (*post paid*) to the office of the Casket, No. 12 Hudson's Alley, Philadelphia on or before the 1st December next. The premiums will be awarded as soon after as possible. For the name of the successful pieces may appear in the January No. of the Casket. Address SAM'L C. ATKINSON, Pr.

Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 1832.

☞Editors with whom we exchange may aid the cause of literature by noticing the above.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

FIRE ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

At a Stated Meeting of the Board of Delegates held September 3d, 1832, for organization, the following persons were duly elected officers, to serve the ensuing year, viz:

Thos. C. Garner, of the Philada Fire Co. *President.*
Alex. Henry, Hope Hose *Vice President.*
Andrew Bevan, Washington Hose *Secretary.*
John Dixon, U. S. Tar *Treasurer.*

The following Delegates were duly returned to represent their respective Companies, viz:

Eagle Company.
Amerian. Not represented.
Relief. Jeremiah Beane, Anthony M. Buckley.
United States. Joseph Rankin, James Ogden.
Diligent. Edward A. Souder, John H. Irvine.
Washington. William W. Weeks, Andrew Craig.
Hermione. George F. Gaskins, Henry Waugh.
Harmony. William R. Masford, Isaac Lloyd, Jr.
Franklin. John W. Ryan, John B. Gardner.
Delaware. Hendrick Rowley, Robert E. Nettle.
Columbia. Chalkley Baker, John Miller.
Good Will. Not represented.
Reliance. William S. Book, Joel Bates.
Hand in Hand. Nicholas Le Huray, Jr. Chas. J. Jack.
Northern Liberties. No. 1. Henry M. Crawford, Peter A. Keyser.
Friendship. Edward G. Shaw, F. C. N. Walton.
Philadelphia. Philip Garrett, Benjamin Matthias.
Pennsylvania. Samuel P. Griffith, Thomas T. Forth.
Vigilant. George W. Tryon, Ebenezer Morton.
Weetamoe. Enoch Needles, Joseph Swanger.
Hibernia. James M'Dermott, William H. M'Donald.
Fair Mount. Wm. S. Fredericks, George G. Clarke.
Frankford, No. 1. Not represented.
Frankford, No. 2. Jacob Hornal, Osman Read.
Globe. Not represented.
Southwark. John Allen, John Stanley.
Good Will. Jacob R. Eckfeldt, Samuel Owens.
Hope. Samuel Morrow, Alexander Browne.
Assistance. George Fox, Andrew B. Cash.

Hose Company.
Southwark. Thomas F. Spencer, Wm. Ireland.
Columbia. Adam Dalkeyne, Wm. D. Haslett.
Diligent. Andrew Barker, Peter Fox.
Hibernia. Mordecai Y. Bryan, Robert M. Paul.
Good Intent. George Jeffries, George K. Childs.
Hope. Alexander Henry, Francis Rowel.
Washington. Charles J. Barker, Conrad Bird.
Philadelphia. Samuel J. Robbins, Samuel C. Bunting.
Phœnix. Robert Steele, Richard M. Johnson.
United States. S. C. Kennedy, Wm. F. Ferguson.
Diligent. Joshua M. Hopper, Joseph E. Schell.
Niagara. Wm. T. Flanagan, Hugh Gerner.
Rancliston. John J. Wishon, Wm. Slaughter.
Neptune. Thomas Wilson, Nathaniel Mungey.
William Penn. Charles Dehler, David Cooke.
America. William Jackson, John H. Helmuth.

Shocking Accident.—We learn from the Washington (Pennsylvania) Examiner, that on Thursday last, Mrs. Graham, wife of Mr. Robert Graham, of Bucegal township, went out, leaving her youngest son, aged about twenty-two months, asleep in the cradle, with a small boy to watch him.—When she returned, the boy was pulling the child from a bucket of boiling water, which was hanging on the fire. The child was so much scalded as to live only seven or eight hours.

His honor the Mayor has received from some benevolent and anonymous donor, the sum of Fifty dollars, to be devoted under his direction, to the special relief of unfortunate children, made orphans by the Cholera. That gentleman has handed this kind donation to the generous ladies who have devoted themselves to the care of the children tokened to.

Between four and five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, four fine horses, attached to one of the Germantown stages, took fright while standing in front of Mr. Haws' tavern, in Race near Fourth street, and set off down to Fourth, and turned down Fourth. When they arrived near Cherry street, the stage came in contact with a pile of lumber and capsized, and dashed the only passenger, a small boy, who was holding the reins, upon the pavement, with trifling injury and a deal of fright. The horses and fore wheels here parted company with the rest of the establishment, and proceeded on to Market street, where they ran foul of a milk wagon, and made sad work of it, tearing all the horses materially, and one or more fatally.

On Friday week, near Springfield, Clark co. Ohio, a bold attempt, by six men, to rob a United States Mail Coach, was baffled by the courage and readiness of the driver, whose name we should not omit if our informant had ascertained it. Two of the assailants seized the leaders by their heads, while their comrades threatened the driver. He whipped up, and his horses as resolute as himself, galloped on and shook off the robbers.

Artificial Hands.—The Salem Gazette mentions that Mr. Ingersoll Bell, an ingenious artizan in that town, has just finished a pair of artificial hands which, in their admirable adaption to the multifarious uses of those important members, are said to surpass any thing of the kind ever before seen in this quarter. The unfortunate young man to whose necessities they are destined to minister, came from the country, and has already tested their efficiency in various ordinary manipulations, such as writing, eating food, &c.

Surgical Operation.—On Saturday last, an ossification or bony substance, was taken from the upper jaw of a horse, which is said to have originated from a tooth.—The tumor after it had been removed, weighed three pounds, and had been two years on the jaw when the operation was performed. Gentlemen having a desire to see the horse and the excrescence, can be gratified by calling on Dr. Cook, No. 14 Prune street. The operation, together with the stopping of the blood, was performed by Dr. Cook in about eight minutes.

Dreadful Accident.—An elderly man was seen riding rapidly on horseback through Beverly on Saturday evening last, with the aspect of his dearest affections in his arms.—He suddenly let his darling fall to the ground, its neck was instantly broken, and its spirit fled. The consequence was, that the man was obliged to keep sober the whole of the next Sabbath!

The largest Flowers and the largest Bird.—In 1818, Dr. Arnold discovered in the island of Sumatra, a flower which he named the Rafflesia Arnoldi, and which an author has stated with much justice, 'the magnificent Titan of the vegetable kingdom.' The honourable traveller had never conceived such a flower; its circumference when expanded is nine feet, its nectarium calculated to hold nine pints—the petals are as large as cow's horns, and the entire weight of the blossom computed to be fifteen pounds. Tschudi, in his recent travels in Peru, states that he shot a condor, and from notes taken on the spot, gives us the following dimensions of its size:—When the wings are spread, they measure forty feet in extent, from point to point, the feathers are twenty feet in length, and the quill pen 8 inches in circumference. This almost realizes the fabled roc of Sinbad in the Arabian Nights, but its dimensions, as here given, rests on good and very recent authority.

We know from a trial of the filtering machine which is advertised by Mr. J. M. Sanderson, of the Merchants' Coffee House, that it is highly serviceable. Pure water is a necessary, for health, especially during the existence of epidemic influences; and the water which comes from our hydrants is often more or less turbid. Thus, the only objection to which it is liable, is removed at a very small cost and with scarcely any trouble, by the use of the Jar, which may be procured of Mr. Sanderson. The process of filtration is sure and quite simple.

Good Advice.—In one of the courts in New York, a blacksmith who had a gift of stammering to perfection, was called into court as a witness between two countrymen of his, in a law suit; the amount in question being about 75 cents. The judge, after hearing his testimony, asked him why he had not advised his workman to settle, the cost being five times the amount of the disputed sum. In reply, the witness observed "I-I-I-I-told the fo-fo-fo-ols to settle. I s-s-said the co-co-constable would take their co-co-ats, the lawyers their sh-sh-irts, and by j-j-ing if they got into your Hon-Honor's court, you'd sh-sh-sh-ave 'em."

Longevity.—The population returns of the Russian Empire for the year 1830, (only of those professing the Greek Religion, given in the table of deaths of the male sex, more than 1000 over 100 years of age.—There were 42 between 115 and 120, 40 between 120 and 125, 16 between 125 and 130, and 4 between 130 and 150. The births for the same period were 1,844,-266 and the deaths, 1,237,241—Excess of births 607,-025.

"The Land of Steady Habits."—The Boston Atlas mentions that upwards of *sixty persons* were, during the last week, sentenced to the House of Correction by the Police Court of that city. Among them *twenty-two* were sentenced for being common *drunkards!* The Atlas very significantly adds,—"many of the wretched beings were from *New York.*"

A Natchez paper states, that on the morning of the 28th ult. the body of a respectable old man by the name of Jack Andrew, a native of Caledonia, and for 30 years an inhabitant of Natchez, was found in an alley, most inhumanly butchered. His throat was cut, his scull fractured and his face beat in. When found, the hogs were eating him. His wife and a negro woman, whom he recently purchased, have been committed.

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, Sept. 1.—Robbery.—Wilkins, a watchman, brought up a man calling himself Moses Drayton, whom he had found under suspicious circumstances in Mr. Potts' store on the wharf, near Chesnut street. The key of the store, as well as one which opened the entrance of the adjoining building, was found in his possession, without his being able satisfactorily to account for the fact. His intention was, no doubt, to plunder, though this supposition received but little support in his drowsish appearance. He was committed.

Larceny to some Purpose.—A fellow named M'Cormick—the same chap who, a short time since offered a reward for the apprehension of two foot-pads, who, he alleged, had waylaid him on the Old York Road, near the city, and robbed him of 2700 dollars—was examined on seven or eight distinct charges of larceny of clothing, &c. the property of different individuals. On Friday last, he entered one of the Ferry-houses near Market street, and affecting to be a boarder, went up stairs, ransacked the apartments, and collected together a clever bundle of valuables, with which he was making off, when he was detected by the landlord, and arrested. He was sent to jail.

Tainted Meat.—Upon complaint of one of the Market inspectors, a victualler in the High street market, was heavily fined for exposing to sale on his stall, spoiled meat. The penalty will probably make him more careful in future.

Female Capricе.—Bramble had in custody a young man called herself William Warren, whom he had arrested the night previous, at the instance of a citizen, for assault and abuse. According to the statement of the watchman, the citizen and a *lady* were walking peaceably along, when they were accosted by the prisoner, who insisted that the lady was his, by right of prior engagement, and that the citizen was guilty of an attempt to defraud him of his rights. In support of his claim, he assaulted and abused his successful competitor, and thereon the watch, when appealed to as arbiter of the dispute.

Warren contended, that the stranger had "*cut him out,*" by wheedling the girl with fippant words, and that as a gentleman he was bound to demand satisfaction. He was bound over to keep the peace.

Police of Beauty.—Mary Brady, an antiquated lady of Cobbdrie, with one black but not brilliant eye, was found by a watchman wandering alone through the streets, at a late hour last night, and when admonished that she should be home, frankly said, she had none. The gentleman offered to give her lodging in the watchhouse, which was accepted. On their way thither, they were met by one George Hamilton, half seas over—who by a fast glimmer of the moon, discovered that Mary was a beauty, and in distress. He instantly resolved to become her protector, and bawling out to the officer to stand, he demanded to know who dare hurt a hair on the head of the girl of his choice. The officer bade George to be quiet, but George resolutely seized the woman and was hurrying her off, when the watch rallied and took both prisoners. This morning Mary was remanded for her strolling propensities, and George fined for intoxication.

A Disorderly Butcher.—A watchman named Smith, deposed that he was overtaken last night, at a late hour, by a Mr. B. formerly in the city employ, and requested to make prisoner of an Irishman, whom B. alleged was intoxicated. Smith replied that the man was not disorderly, and if he would go home peaceably, he would not take him to the watchhouse. This did not satisfy B. who appealed here upon hatching up a quarrel, and he charged Smith with favoritism, and threatened, unless he took up the Irishman, to report him to the Mayor for delinquency. Smith advised B. to go home, or he would probably be compelled to take him prisoner; and this course, if followed, would have saved him much disgrace. But with a man intoxicated it is useless to reason. B. became more and more insulting, and when Smith found it necessary to take him into custody, he seized his arms, and gave him a deal of difficulty.

B. this morning attempted a pacification by alleging that Smith, once on a time, sold his inexpressibles for a gill of whiskey, but this availed nothing, and he was fined.

Tuesday.—A Brutal Husband.—Mrs. Catharine Hare appeared before his honor this morning, to lay a serious charge against her husband, and to claim protection against the violence with which he constantly threatened her. She declared, on her oath, that the conduct of Mr. Hare has been such as, in her opinion, to endanger her life. For weeks past he has been constantly drunk, and when he returns from the grog shop to his dwelling, he wreaks his ill nature upon her and her unoffending babes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray, a respectable gentleman and lady who reside in the same house, testified to the good behaviour of Mrs. Hare, and to the savage propensities of Hare. The character they gave this monster would do discredit to a barbarian.

Hare stood before the bar, with the marks of a severe beating visible upon his face and eyes, the work of some of his own cousins, with whom he had lately quarrelled. He growled out a flat contradiction of the statements of all the evidence, and attempted extenuation by charging his wife with some of his own lowness. He was sent to jail.

Wednesday.—Tables Turned.—A fellow named James Brown, was brought up by a watchman, charged with an attempt to kill James O'Neil.

O'Neil, being sworn, deposed, that last night the prisoner being "high," or drunk, challenged him to fight in fun. O'Neil agreed, and after a tug and tussle, succeeded in blacking one of Brown's eyes. At this Brown grew outrageously angry, swore vengeance against O'Neil, and ran for a pitchfork to kill him—whereupon he called the watch and had him arrested.

Brown heard this statement with patience, but when it was done, he proceeded in swearing, that instead of he being the aggressor, O'Neil had made an unprovoked attack upon him, and beaten him without mercy, so that he was obliged, to save his own life, to threaten to take that of his antagonist. He also made some statements, illustrative of O'Neil's amative propensities, which reflected upon him but little credit.

Plaintiff and defendant fined for intoxication, and bound over to keep the peace.

The Dublin papers contain no account of "any malignant source," of the death of a large mastiff, from cholera! He was attacked in the street, whirled about as if shot, and became attacked shortly after among his fellow tongue lolloping. Two medical gentlemen pronounced the animal, and instantly pronounced the case to be one of decided Indian spasmodic cholera.—The dog died within half an hour after he was attacked.

A dog exhibiting symptoms similar to the above, was seen in Cumberland street, a few days since. A philanthropic individual of the neighbouring street, considering the case to be one of decided spasmodic cholera, threw two or three tin kits of cold water upon the dog, when he recovered, wagged his tail and ran towards State street. This remarkable cure was witnessed by as many as fifty persons. No camphor was used.—*Boston Gazette.*

Singular Fact.—Among the applicants for Pensions before the Vice Chancellor's court, in this county, a few days since, were two men, a father and his son: the former aged about 91 years and the latter 70. They both served two years or more in the Revolutionary War; and the father had been through the old French War. While the son was giving his declaration to the court, the latter caused much laughter by occasionally correcting him, with "tut, boy, you are mistaken." "You are wrong, boy!" The term "boy," applied to a war-worn veteran of 70, whose whitened locks and wrinkled visage evinced extreme old age, was irresistibly amusing. It may well be doubted whether a similar case exists in the state.

[*Chenango Republican.*

Shooting Match and Gander Pulling.—"There will be a Shooting Match and Gander Pulling at the house of 'Travis George,' on Thursday next, the 25th instant."

On reading the above in a Mobile paper—what the d—l is a "gander pulling" thought we! The difficulty was soon resolved by the following explanation of a bystander. It means that an old gander is tied on the top of a post, with his head *shaved* until it is made as slippery as an eel. Those who compete for the prize, ride at full speed, making *en passant*, a grab at the said head; whereupon said gander, if he has the sense of a goose, *dodges*, like some politicians at the calling of the yeas and nays. It is well calculated to exhibit the dexterity of the equestrian. He must be careful in stooping to "clutch" the gander's head, that he "sees before" him, not to stoop past recovery, or some men do, from the line of principle, in search of office. Should he seize the goose's knowledge box, *but to disappoint of grips,* he's hold on, or of arm to tear off the poor goose's

"Bone of thought, the palace of the soul,"

or will he let go? At all events this is gander pulling, of which it may at least be affirmed, that though it may be fun for Mr. Travis George, by George it can be no fun for the gander!—Wonder if Mrs. Trollope was present at one of Mr. George's powder pull ings?—*Turf Register.*

From the Missouri Republican, Aug. 21.

The War.—The Illinois militia have disbanded, and are now returning to their homes. Gen. Atkinson passed St. Louis on Saturday night last, in the steamboat Warrior, for Jefferson Barracks. A report was brought to Rock Island just as the Warrior was leaving, by some friendly Sacs, that a band of the Sacs had encountered the hostile Sacs and Foxes, and in the engagement which ensued, from 100 to 120 of the latter were slain. Black Hawk is said to have been of the number. The report rests upon the authority of two hostile Indians who alone escaped to the camp of the friendly Sacs.

We learn, further, that Keokuck, the chief of the friendly Sacs, had given up his nephew, a young warrior, as being the murderer of a man named William Hutton, in Warren co. Illinois.

Gen. Scott, it is said, has determined to chastise the Winnebagoes, for suffering their young men to engage in hostilities against the whites, and for affording protection and subsistence to the Sacs and Foxes.

The dwelling house of W. P. Smith, Esq. in Thirteenth street below Chesnut, was entered on Monday morning, about 11 o'clock, by some person obtaining access through the gate at the end of the yard. The latter made his way into the second story, took a blue cloth coat and pantaloons, nearly new; a pocket book, pocket-knife, head guard chain, an number each gold chain, silver scissors chain, and divers other articles and having completed his assortment, walked off without let or molestation. The family was at the time in the third story, and a servant in the kitchen below, and Mr. S. had only a few minutes before left the room. If powerless are thus bold, it would be well always to have the fastenings in use day and night.

Three Dutch vessels have been seized, in this port, for having brought out more passengers than the law permits. In one case, the circumstances are worth a relation. The passengers are eight more than the legal number. Three of these are Dutchmen, who say they have only enlisted in the Dutch marines, deceived by their recruiting officer into the belief that he was to send them out as emigrants to America. When they discovered the trick they deserted, and, with the aid of a friend on board, got into the ship secretly, and were not detected until she had been at sea a fortnight. The others are Shetland fishermen; an elderly man, with two sons and two nephews, most of them having wives and families at home. They were taken up as men in distress, several leagues from shore; his wing been blown out by a gale which their boat encountered. As there appears to be no reason to do aught these facts, the vessel will probably be speedily let go.

Singular Ground of Exemption.—A poor old tar, with two wooden legs, passed over Hargroves bridge last week, and paid the usual toll of a halfpenny. On getting to the other side, he called at a public house, and asked for half a pint of beer, saying he would be re had a pint, but his funds were reduced by paying the toll—"Toll! for what?" said Boniface.—"Why, for the bridge," replied Jack.—"Lord love you!" rejoined the host, "you had no right to pay—you are not a foot passenger, for you have no feet!"—"No more I ain't," exclaimed Jack, "and d—n me if I do'nt have my copper back!"—With this determination he returned to the bridge, claimed exemption, and had it allowed—thus enabling him to get a full allowance of heavy wet.

Horrible Scene.—A scene was exhibited near Heller's Falls, on the Delaware, a few days since, the bare recital of which is enough to freeze the blood of the hater. A gentleman from that quarter gives the following particulars. We do not vouch for their correctness:—

A workman on the Canal (we did not learn his name) loaded his gun towards night, as he said, to shoot intruders upon the lock, and left it standing in a corner of his house. His wife, fearful of the consequences, during his temporary absence from home, removed the flint, and left the piece in the same situation. The husband, on his return late in the night, ordered his wife to bed, in company with a small boy; where she had lain but a short time, when he came into the room, and pointing the gun directly at her, snapped it, with the intention of lodging the contents in her body. The piece of course raised fire. Discovering that the flint was removed, he seized a kindled candle, and holding it to the pan, succeeded in discharging it; but from the awkwardness of his position being unable to take aim, the charge missed the intended victim. The woman and boy then fled in opposite directions. The monster, foiled in the pursuit of his wife, pursued the boy, and overtook him on one of the locks of the Canal. A slight scuffle ensued, when suddenly loosing hold of the lad, he fell over into the lock, and was instantly killed by the fall.—*Orange Co. Patriot.*

An Imposter.—A few of the good people of Troy, N. Y. have recently been duped by an imposter who called his name William Hart. He pretended to be an English Lieutenant, enjoying half pay, &c., and to have been very eminent as a writer for certain leading political journals in London. Professing to seem to be an Episcopalian Clergyman, upon invitation he delivered a lecture one week day evening. Having wormed himself into the confidence of several unsuspecting individuals, he borrowed 25 dollars to go to New York, to get his next quarterly payment and departed; leaving sundry tailors, hatters, wine dealers, &c. sufferers to no small amount.

At Tallahassee, Florida, on the 20th ult. a party of gentlemen were amusing themselves by galloping round the new race course, when the horse of John W. Edwards suddenly halted from the path and threw his rider against a tree with such violence that he was instantly killed—Mr. Edwards was a respectable and industrious young man—He was from South Carolina, where his parents still reside.

The Kentucky Observer states that two miles of the Lexington and Ohio Rail Road have been completed, and that an elegant carriage sufficiently large to accommodate sixty persons, both constant employment in the conveyance of passengers. The first division of the road embracing a distance of six miles, will be completed in the course of the ensuing month of October, when a locomotive steam engine now constructing, will be placed on the road.

Queerness.—The Rev. Lorenzo Dow advertises for sale in Richmond, a few copies of the "Chain of Reason," consisting of six locks two hooks, and one swivel—Price 25 cents. This almost carries us back to the good old days of Puritanism, when the press teemed with "Crooks of Comfort for the Chickens of the Church," "Hooks and Eyes to hold up Creeping Christians' Breeks," and the like.

Quibble's Last.—"So *Black Hawk* has a son," said a news-hunter the other day; "I wonder what he'll call him?" "Tomtit Hawk, to be sure, at this season," answered Quibble.

CHOLERA RECORD.

The almost entire cessation of Cholera in Philadelphia, and the re-commencement of business and trade, have induced the Board of Health to discontinue their daily reports. The number of new cases which have occurred during the past week, we have reason to believe are few, but as the weekly report is not made out until Sunday, it is not in our power to publish the precise number. The Board of Health is announcing their determination to discontinue their daily reports, pledged themselves to resume their publication should the disease return. Nearly all the hospitals have been closed.

NEW YORK.—City.—"The city inspector reports for the week ending on Saturday, 324 deaths, of which 136 were by cholera.—Albany, Sept. 24, 3 deaths. The Board of Health discontinued their daily reports on Saturday; the disease, however begins with us—two persons were seized on Friday night, after partaking hastily of watermelons, and died on Saturday. A young man who had been somewhat exposed, and had neglected himself, was seized on Saturday and died the same afternoon. The health of the city, however, with these occasional exceptions, is nearly restored; and with care in the use of fruit and vegetables, we may hope for the entire disappearance of the malady.—Brooklyn, Sept. 2, 7 deaths.—Clyde, 4 fatal cases.—Onondago Hollow, Aug. 28, 1 case.—Oswego, 1 fatal case.—Lyons, Aug. 26 and 27, 2 cases and two deaths.—Rochester, Aug. 31, 1 cases and 1 death.—Lockport, Aug. 25 and 26, 4 deaths.—Athens, Sept. 3, within the last 24 hours, 2 deaths.

NEW JERSEY.—Lodi, 23d to 26th Aug. 4 cases, 3 deaths, as one family.

MARYLAND.—Baltimore, Sept. 2: The Board of Health report for the 24 hours ending at 10 o'clock, 26 deaths by cholera—21 white, 14 colored. Sept. 3, 25 deaths. Sept. 4, 15 deaths.

VIRGINIA.—Norfolk, Aug. 31: Since the last report there occurred but two deaths from cholera. During the 24 hours ending at noon, there had been but 2 interments, neither of which was a case of cholera.—Portsmouth, no case or death since the 28th; the hospital has been closed.—Harper's Ferry: in all, 29 cases, 14 deaths.—Shepherdstown, 4 cases.

DISTRICT of COLUMBIA.—Washington: For the 24 hours ending at 10 o'clock on Monday, 36 new cases, 13 deaths. Several deaths in the East Ward among colored people; number not known, there being no official report. Tuesday, 42 new cases, and 10 deaths.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, Sept. 3: The lieutenant who was sent to the Western Hospital on Friday, proved not to be ill of cholera, but of inflammation of the bowels. There have therefore been but 4 cases of cholera in this city, and none new session, the number of deaths the last week was but 17, which is much smaller than the usual number of weekly deaths.

RHODE ISLAND.—Providence, Sunday, 4 cases, 2 deaths.

VERMONT.—Burlington, Aug. 24, 1 fatal case.

CANADA.—Prescott, 21st to 27th Aug. 4 cases, 3 deaths.—Port Hope, Aug. 28, 1 case, 1 death.

Cholera in New York.—The following is an official statement of the whole number of burials in New York, furnished by the Inspectors of the public burying grounds, from the commencement of the cholera to Saturday last:—

Week ending	Burials.	Of Cholera.
July 7	191	56
14	350	236
21	592	516
28	879	786
Aug. 4	580	393
11	467	281
18	444	299
25	391	178
Sept. 2	344	137
Total,	4673	2996

Pennsylvania.—*Germantown*: three cases of cholera have occurred during the past week. Four cases in all have occurred at *Norristown*, all of which proved fatal.

Chester County.—The Cholera has appeared in a very mild general form, in the vicinity of the White Horse and Kargle's Mills, in the Great Valley, some 7 or 8 miles from this borough. We have heard of the following persons who have become its victims:—On Friday the 17th ult., a child of George Davis, and on Sunday, the 19th, his wife. Mr. Davis himself was attacked, but has recovered. On Wednesday, 22d, James Sayer, his mother, aunt, and a young man living with the family. *All were intemperate*, and are dead. The horse, or rather hovel, in which they lived, with all its contents, was burnt immediately after the bodies were buried. On Thursday, the 23d, widow Miles, who was attending in George Davis's family, and there took the disease. On Sunday, the 26th, Mr. George Hall, who formerly lived near the Boot tavern. He was, we believe, a respectable citizen. On Saturday, the 25th, William Ogden—he was at the appraisement of stocks, cows, pigs, &c. of Speer's and was attacked shortly afterwards. Making a total of 11 cases and 7 deaths. It is reported that several cases have occurred lower down in the Valley, among the labourers on the Pennsylvania rail road. Mr. Mitchell, the general superintendent of the rail road, is about establishing Cholera Hospitals along the line of the road. The charge of Hospital No. 2 is committed to Dr. J. M. Pugh.

From the N. Y. *Courier & Enquirer.*

"Specific Appropriations."—The laxity of the times is excessive—the principles of our forefathers are abandoned—the maxims of our mothers forgot.—In politics, in religion, in love, in business, in marriage, and in all the other concerns of human life, we are infected with bad principles and worse motives. Jefferson recommended "specific appropriations for specific purposes." This sound principle is now utterly, and entirely abandoned. It was but the other day that a young gentleman of Hartford, Connecticut, was married in the sum of $1,563 71, for breaking the heart, &c. &c. of a young lady—a fact, that in the heart-breaking, which is now a rarity in the annals of physiology. On the principle of Jefferson the account would stand as follows:—

Mr. so and so, Dr. to Miss such an one.

Dancing three cotillions on first acquaintance,	10 45
Value of three sighs and a dream on returning home,	100 00
Thinking of the color of his eyes one day at church,	175 00
Going to the Central Course races, after refusing three other beaux,	273 00
Cut three fine young fellows for his sake,	100 00
Allowing him to kiss my cheek ten times without flinching,

All things abound with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

TO MY DOG JOWLER.

Jowler, they've told ye, honest friend,
Assess'd ye, put ye in the roll;
To raise every dog they'll send,
Unless some friend will pay 'tis poll.

By all that's good! the rascals swear,
'Tween me and thee to breed a strife,
To drive you into banishment,
Or bribe your friend to take your life.

But, Jowler! don't you be alarm'd,
If patriotism be neglect ye,
For all their tax ye shan't be harm'd,—
I love, and honour, and protect ye.

But taxes, says the constitution,
Convey the right to property,
So dogs, by this same resolution,
Alive just as well as them be sent.

Now, dogs and men, and tenters, hear,
That Jowler's put in commission,
To go upon the coming year,
And aid in public legislation.

Jowler, steer clear of demagogues,
Steer clear of the minority,
Take care to smell of other dogs,
And vote with the majority.

Mr. Fox.—The celebrated orator, was one day told by a lady, whom he visited, that she *"did not owe three skips of a louse for him."* He immediately took out his pencil and wrote the following lines:

A lady has told me, and on her own house,
That she cares not for me "three skips of a louse;"
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
Since women will talk of what none is most dread.

Historical Error.—On a tombstone, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, is the following epitaph: [W.]

To the memory of Johnny and Molly Madere,
A whale killed him, and she lies here.

Caution.—The manager of one of the Theatres at Vienna yielded to the solicitation and importunity of court friends, and permitted a young lady to make her *debut* as a singer, who had the mortification to be hissed off. Not a little annoyed, the manager rushed hastily before the curtain and addressed the audience in a stentorian voice with this brief question—"Ladies and Gentlemen, don't you like her?" "No!" was the reply from all parts of the house. "Neither do I," added the manager, and disappeared amidst roars of laughter.

La Somnambule.—An odd story is told of a certain lady, moving in the circles of the highest ton, having procured the key of the garden-gate of a great mansion, under the plea that, as she was a near neighbor, she wished to enjoy the fresh morning air among the plants and flowers. In the morning, however, she was found in dishabille near the dormitory of the Bachelor Peer, and she was obliged to confess that she was addicted to *walking in her sleep!!!*

Search after Wisdom.—In one of the imperial towns in Germany it is customary to address the Mayor as "Your Wisdom." A party who had consumed hour after hour in a bootless chace after the sapient functionary, having at last fallen in with him, very innocently hailed him, ejaculating, "I have been rummaging every nook and corner the whole day long, but deuce a bit could I find out *your wisdom*."

The Tithe System in Ireland—*O'Connell.*—The following is a spirited picture, by O'Connel, in a recent speech, of the manner in which the Irish Tithes are *not* paid. The enthusiastic patriotism which can thus still the impulse of avarice, and deaden the sense of interest, cannot but challenge the admiration and praise of a liberal people. It is highly characteristic of the warm hearted sons of Erin; and affords an admirable proof of the impolicy, as well as the injustice and oppression, of the system which now grinds that noble people to the dust.

"Paddy," says the Parson, "you owe me 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*" "And what may it be for, your *Riverence?*" says Pat. [laughter.] "Tithes." "Arrah? then I suppose your *Riverence* gave me some value foreninst I was born, for divil a bit have I ever seen since. [roars of laughter.] But your *Riverence*, I suppose, has law for it? Bless the law! your honour, and I wouldn't be after going to cheobey it, but plase your *Riverence*, I have no money." [great laughter.] "Ah, Pat, but you've a cow there." "Yes your *Riverence*, that's the cow that gives food to Nory and the 14 childer." "Well, Paddy, then I must distrain that cow." "If your honour has law for it, to be sure you will." Well, what does Paddy do? He stamps the word "Tithes" upon her side, and the Parson can't find a soul to take the cow. So he gets a regiment and a half, by way of brokers, [much laughter] fourteen or fifteen companions, with those amiable young gentlemen their officers at their head, who march seventeen or eighteen miles across the Bog of Allen to take this cow to Carlow; when they get there, they find a crowd assembled; the Parson rubs his hands with glee. "Plenty of customers for the cow," quoth he to himself. The cow is put up at 2*l.*—no bidder; 1*l.* no bidder; 10*s.*—5*s.*—6*d.*, 1*d.* [Cheers]—not a soul will bid, and back goes the cow to Nory and the fourteen childer [continued cheers.] But the Irish Parsons, poor fellows, must not lose their Tithes, so they apply to the English Parliament for 60,000*l.*; and when they find they can't get the cow from Paddy, they make a snitch cow of John Bull [hear, hear!] Let them look at the history of the Whigs. Let them resolve not to be bumbugged, and return to parliament men who will take equal care of John Bull's purse and person as his friends in Ireland took care of Paddy Bull's cow.

Turkish Cannon.—In our ships and in our batteries we seldom use a heavier gun than a 42 pounder. No man of war carries any cannon of a larger calibre, but the Turks make use, on land, of even eight hundred pounders. When Sir J. Duckworth passed the Dardanelles to attack Constantinople, in 1807, his fleet was dreadfully shattered by those immense shot. The Royal George, of 110 guns, was nearly sunk by only one shot, which carried away her cut water; another cut the mainmast of the Windsor Castle nearly in two; a shot knocked two ports of the Thunderer into one; the Repulse, 74, had her wheel shot away and 24 men killed and wounded by a single shot, nor was the ship saved but by the most wonderful exertions. One of these guns was cast in brass in the reign of Amurat; the difficulty of charging it would not allow it being charged more than once; but as a Pacha once said, that single discharge would destroy almost a whole fleet of an enemy. The Baron de Tott, to the great terror of the Turks resolved to fire this gun. The shot weighed 1,100 lbs. and he loaded it with 330 lbs. of powder: he says, "I felt a shock like an earthquake, at the distance of eight hundred fathoms. I saw the ball divide into three pieces, and these fragments of a rock crossed the strait and rebounded on the mountain." The heaviest shot which struck our ships was of granite, and weiged 800 lbs. and was two foot two inches in diameter. One of these huge shot stove in the whole larboard bow of the Active; and having thus crushed this immense mass of solid timber, the shot rolled aft and brought up abreast the main hatchway, the crew standing aghast at the singular spectacle.—*United Service Journal.*

Power of Imagination.—Whelpley, in his Triangle, on the authority of Erasmus, tells this story of seven men who went to take a ride one clear, fine day, with Poole.

As they were riding along the road, Poole, to make himself sport, looked up into the heavens, and suddenly crossing himself in pretended surprise, declared he saw in the sky a monstrous dragon with fiery horns, and his tail turned up in a circle. They all, very much astonished at the declaration, looked up, but saw nothing. "Can't you see it?" continued Poole, "*It is there.* You must certainly be blind. Amazing! How terrible it looks. Don't you see it yet? Oh! I never saw such a sight in all my life before. You certainly must see it." In short, after a while, one, a little more credulous than the rest, said, I think I do see it. Yes, yes—I see it plainly. At this another fancied he saw it. And, said Erasmus, some by force of imagination, others fearing that they should be thought less sharp-sighted than the rest, confessed they saw it; and they soon all came in without a dissenting voice. The next day a particular account of the prodigy was published in the papers, authenticated by the testimony of several credible men.

PAT DURKAN'S PIGEONS.
AN IRISH STORY.

Some years since, when the peace had provoked a partial influx of our Gallic neighbors into Ireland, it happened that one arrived at ——, and, as a matter of course, sojourned at Pat Durkan's. His first breakfast there had been discussed apparently much to his satisfaction, and it now only remained to select the materials for dinner from Pat's ample bill of fare, previous to an intended excursion to the neighboring islands. Pat was summoned: "Vat you have for dinniere?" demanded the Frenchman. "What haven't I, your honor," returned Pat; "why, there's roast an biled, an stewed an fried, an the murphies to the back o' that agin; an it's seldom the likes iv them grasses a Frenchman's nazzle in his own country," he added mentally. "Vat you have, manger?" quoth the Frenchman. "Arrah be aisy, your honor," rejoined Pat, "the divil resave the taste or mangy mate is undher the same roof wid you, barrin the auld bitch, an she's neither here nor there in ating, you know." "Misrecorde!" ejaculated Monsieur, somewhat discomposed, and not comprehending the intent of Pat's phraseology. "Manger, I say manger!" "You need not be callin a body names in gibberish, for all that," said Pat; "an I'll take my Bible oath into the bargain, that the sorrow bit of mangy or measly mate's in under the same thatch wid you." "Diable!" cried Monsieur, nearly out of patience, "for dinniere, I say dinniere!" "Och, regarding the dinner, is it?" said Pat; "musha, sure I tould your honor all about that long ago; we've roast, an biled, an stewed an fried; but if you want to know all the in's an out's in the business, why here's the bill, an your honor may pick an choose for the matter iv that." Pat hugged out his bill of fare which had been prepared for the occasion by his better half, and the contents of which he was as utterly ignorant of as his guest before he had perused them. In fact, it is a matter of speculation, whether the one total could, at any period, have been perused within a circuit of some miles; he placed it, however, before his guest. "Ros-bif" inquired the Frenchman, as his eyes caught the first item. "Tunder an ouns!" thought Pat, "I'm dish'd now altogether entirely—roast beef, your honor! truth, than, I would not recommind it; bekase you see it's long hill'd—long enough," he added mentally, "seeing as how bad luck to the taste iv a dead cow stared me in the face since auld Molleen's leg last Christmas. "Veal" repeated Monsieur. "Nor that neither," said Pat; "it's only slink, your honor—slink intirely." he continued to himself, "for it's not dead yet." "Pigeons," enumerated the Frenchman, with the true nasal twang, and annulling the final s. "Och, sure that's not in it," cried Pat; "what dickens does he mean at-all-at-all, wid his pideons?" "Pigeons," reiterated the guest. "Oeh, bother, your honor, sure it's not game your makin iv me," said Pat. "Pigeons," rejoined the Frenchman, raising his tone. "Fly the bukey, I have it," cried Pat, after a vehement scratching of his carroty pole—"as it's myself that can shoot your honor to a hair—the pusheens! Faith it is lucky I thought iv it—whilelulu!" And he made his exit in a high glee with his successful interpretation. It happened that upon this identical morning Pat's domestic cat had achieved her accouchement, the event of which had been an increase of his family to the extent of five fine, thriving, comely kittens, or pusheens, as Pat would term them in his native parlance. One of those was, in accordance, as he imagined, with his guest's directions, brought to the knife, dismembered, fricasseed, and, in proper time, duly served up for dinner. The dish proved savoury, Monsieur smacked his lips, and on the ensuing day a repetition of the precious condiment was ordered—on the next day an encore—on the next a da capo, and so on until, on the sixth, when Pat's pusheens were exhausted, he made his appearance before his guest with an unusually sombre cast of visage. "Pigeons!" said the Frenchman. "All gone, your honor," returned Pat; "an the sorrow one more in the parish for love or money, barrin the auld cat that's mouse here these four years come next Patrick-mas." "The Cat!" ejaculated Monsieur. "What else," cried Pat. "Cat!" re-echoed the Frenchman, with a visible emotion of the stomach and countenance. Pat opened his mouth, scratched his head and looked aghast. Monsieur stormed, spat, and raved by turns. Pat scratched, and scratched, and scratched again, and at length an *eclaircissement* took place. I cannot say precisely whether or not the stomach-pump had been ere this period invented and consequently whether it was on this occasion put in requisition; but certain it is, that sounds and symptoms would have evidenced that such an instrument had been used effectually upon the interior of Monsieur, who did not fail to recollect to the last day of of his life Pat Durkan's pigeons.

AN IRISH SERMON.

From Bernard's Retrospections we copy the following sketch of an amusing, but judicious sermon, preached in a little chapel near Sligo, in the land of "praties":—

"My dear children: You know that I have been your Father, and Comforter, and Confessor, these six-and-twenty years next Feast of the Virgin: and you all of you know what trouble live had in keeping Satan from taking hould of your sowls. Aye, you may well look glum, but you are mighty sure; every son of Adam amongst you, that I have worked hard enough. But will you never have off your abominable tricks! Will you never grow obedient! What! you think you may sin as you plase the whole week long, and come to me for absolution at the end of it? Then I tell you what, darlings; you wont get it:—Arrah now, Mr. Pat Mahoney, why did you cock your eye on the pulpit just then? I didn't say I meant you; but now you'll give me lave to suppose so. And you, Mr. Philip O'Shaugnessy—you are making a great bother with your nose and throat, as if you had a big cowld; wast a bit, darling; I'll come to you presently, and mind if I don't tickle your rotten conscience to some tune!

"Does any body know Judy Bryant?—Och, to be sure, every body knows poor Judy; and yet I dare say some of you will pretind to tell me that you never heard or saw such a cracher in all your born days. Now, couldn't poor Judy hang her blanket out to dry—her only blanket, on her own pailings, but that the Divil must put it into the heads of certain parsons, whom I have at this moment in my eye, to take fancy to the same?—Well Murtock O'Donnel, I didn't say it was you did it, altho' you do look so fidgety and flustered, nor you, Barney McShane; but you remember I and I had the parson in my eye, do you? And you, Meggy Flanagan—you can't sit say in your sate either: yet who would suspect you, that have got a comfortable home, and your husband Teddy one of the best cobblers in the country?" He now deepened his voice, and threw into his manner a very impressive solemnity. "Remember what I have said, my children!—I oor Judy Bryant has lost her blanket. I have the big thafe before me that stowl it; and if it is not returned to her before to morrow morning, I'll excommunicate him and all that belongs to him; I'll have nothing more to do with him in this world or the next!"

The terrific yell which was now sent forth by the 'children,' drove us forth from the chapel; but with the impression on our minds, that the being who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate, was deserving in the highest degree of the public esteem; for however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, Justice was benefitted by the ends he obtained.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

Why is a baked potatoe hotter than a boiled one? This query in our younger days was a *poser*, not only to ourselves, but to our seniors, at least to those whose gravity we presume would not be offended by the simplicity of the question. Having now assumed the toga, we hasten for the benefit of at the least some of our juniors to explain the cause.—Water in open metallic vessel, cannot be heated beyond 212 of Fahrenheit, as any degree of heat above this, converts the the fluid into vapour, and this is formed more or less rapidly in proportion to the degree of heat applied. On the contrary, when a substance, not fluid is exposed to fire, it may be heated to an indefinite extent. On this subject we can speak feelingly, having repeatedly burnt our tongues in our haste to enjoy the heterodox luxuries of the school room ere place. We may as well add that water if heated in a glass vessel will not boil till it reaches 214 deg. This probably is owing to some attraction of the fluid to the sides of the vessel.

On the will of a house of three stories, situated at St. Germain en Laye, is the following inscription:—"Knock for the first door, ring for the second, whistle for the third."

The Post Office Establishment of Great Britain is arranged upon a large scale of expense, and is remarkable for its regularity and efficiency. The General post office has jurisdiction over all that concerns the post, in England and Scotland. Ireland has a separate establishment. The number of Postmasters in England connected immediately with the department in London is about 600,—and in Scotland about 200. There are besides seven inspectors for England and two for Scotland, whose duty it is constantly to superintend particular districts, travelling on horseback, to enforce the regulations, and communicating constantly with the heads of the office in London. Mail Packets are also regularly despatched from Falmouth for British North America, and the West Indies, where there are regular Postmasters appointed. On the continent, in the Mediterranean and in South America, agents are also appointed to receive English packet-boats.

The revenue from the British Post Offices is very large. In 1828 the net income was £1,500,000—the expenses were about £700,000. The charges are high.—For a distance not exceeding fifteen miles 4*d* sterling, and adding 1 penny to every increase of distance in the following manner, viz.—not over 20 miles 5*d*; 30, 6*d*; 50, 7*d*, and so on to 80, 120, 170, 230, 300, 400, on which last distance the charge is 13*d*, and one penny is added for every hundred or part of a hundred miles beyond.

OLD WELSH PROVERB.

There is a proverb *ferry* old,
Look to your hits ye now,
Ferry good, as I've been told—
Look ye now—
This proverb is of *Golden Rule*,
Ferry good to counsel *fool*,
Never meddle with edge *tool*,
Look ye now.

(*Application.*)

A snake once licked a file an mugh,
Look ye now, look ye now—
Her found *her* breakfast *ferry* tough,
Look ye now.
So now *her* tongue above, beneath,
Her sudden *her* had not left the *heath*,
Her *best her* tongue between *her* teeth,
Look ye now.

In England, by a law still in the Court of King's Bench, it has been decided, that if the steersman of a steamboat, by carelessly coming too near another vessel, thereby sinks her, owing to the swell of the water, the proprietors of the former are liable, although there should be no actual contact.

A tavern has recently been built on the summit of Mount Faulhorn, in Switzerland. It is at an elevation of 8140 feet above the level of the sea, and is therefore between five and six hundred feet higher than the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

Sir Walter Scott says, in his notes to Reliquanthi, "that when his recollection, the London mail was brought north in a small mail cart: and men are yet alive who recollect when it came down with only one single letter to Edinburg addressed to the Manager of the British Linen Company.

SCHOOL OF FLORA.

From the Medical Flora of the United States.

NORTH AMERICAN GRAPE VINES.

Figure A.—Stony Grape.—Branches ferulose nearly smooth. Petioles villose variable. Leaves variable cordate, often trilobed, lobes divaricate ovate acuminate, with distant acute teeth, sinuses rounded, rugose and pilose above, gray beneath. Among vines in Arkansas and Texas. Many varieties: 1. *Longipes*, branches fulvous hairy. Petioles very long, rusty. Leaves trilobe, base reniform. 2. *Mollis*. Petioles shorter. Leaves ovate 3-5 lobed, base acute cordate.—3. *Blandina*. Petioles long. Leaves cordate trifid, base acute cordate, lobes near or even overlaping, as in *V. Mollis*. Perhaps several species, but leaves often variable on some vines. Grapes good.

Fig. B.—Long Leaf Grape.—Petioles short and hairy. Leaves oblong cordate, sinus of the base rounded, hardly trifid, or with two longer teeth near the middle, end acuminate falcate, unequal sharp teeth, pubescent above, hairy and gray beneath. Berries blue and sweet. In Arkansas and Texas, bearing fine blue grapes, very sweet. Cultivated by Mr. Hulin, in Philadelphia. Leaves small, about 4 inches long, less than 3 broad, petiole 2 inches: branches slender, round and smooth: old leaves nearly smooth.

Fig. C.—Maplelear Grape.—Trailing.—Petiole very short, striated, pilose, reddish. Leaves reniform trifid, base dilatate, nerve not marginal: sinuses acute, segments acuminate falcate, teeth very large, unequal and sharp, smooth and pale or glaucescent on both sides, nerves pubescent above and beneath, margin also pubescent. Brought from the Oregon mountains by the expedition of Long, cultivated in Bartram's garden. It has not given fruits as yet, but they are said to be very good and juicy. Leaves very much like those of many Maples, 4 to 6 inches long and broad, a little variable, more or less gashed, sometimes sinuses very narrow, that of the base sometimes round.

Fig. D.—Angular Grape.—Branches cespitose, stiff, angular and striated, smooth and purple. Petioles subequal slender subpilose.—Leaves small cordate rounded obtuse, with a few large lobular obtuse teeth, base acute, lobes divaricate, shining on both sides, axilla of the nerves bearded, margin subpilose. Fruit black, sweet and juicy. From Carolina to Arkansas and Texas, in glades, forming a bush, seldom climbing. Cultivated at Bartram's garden.—Many vulgar names, Arkansas, Bushy, Currant, and False Scuppernong Grape. Leaves hardly bigger than a dollar, sometimes purplish beneath: the young ones sparingly pilose on the nerves beneath, as in the series *Lætipia*. Old leaves nearly smooth, angles of the stem acute, fruit small, good.

(To be concluded next week.)

From the Boston Traveller we extract the following paragraphs of a pamphlet on the use of Charcoal, in Yellow Fever and Cholera Morbus, just published by Dr. Plantou. The Doctor regards the Plague, the Yellow Fever, and the Cholera, as diseases having much affinity to each other, and similar remedies are recommended. His mode of treating the Cholera is simple, and not unlike that practised by Dr. Ayres, whose eccentricity in Montreal, attracted notice, and whose prescriptions saved hundreds from a premature grave.

"At the first attack of the Cholera, two ounces of pulverized charcoal ought to be administered, diluted with about four table spoonfuls of molasses and about a pint of lime water, or simple water if the other be not at hand. The mixture ought to be well stirred up, so as to facilitate the deglutition of the charcoal—it may be divided into two draughts—soon after two ounces of castor oil ought to be given to the patient, say a quarter of an hour or half an hour after the first administration of the charcoal.

Two ounces of powdered charcoal prepared in the same way as before, to be administered; a table spoonful every quarter of an hour, and alternately administer a spoonful of sweet oil, or melted lard every half hour. It is not doubtful that the undersigned has made choice of the lime water for the cure of the yellow fever, but because that substance is known to be the most powerful anti-emetic and anti-septic; that it decomposes carbonic acid; that it is the test of recognising after death whether corrosive sublimate has been swallowed, and it precipitates it. It is for those reasons that he has employed it in the yellow fever, and that he recommends it as the best drink during the whole attack of the cholera morbus.—It may be sweetened with lemon syrup or molasses; so may be advantageously employed to cool that drink. He will add that frictions with camphorated sweet oil on the neck, breast, and abdomen of the patient, as well as under the armpits, will no doubt contribute to save the life of the patient. Small clysters of oil or melted lard, with a strong decoction of linseed, may also be administered with good effect. The only stimulants that with safety can be employed in the disease, are blisters or rather rubefacients, to the legs and thighs, and other external parts. He is of opinion that no emetics, no violent purgatives, nor stimulants of any sort, should be employed in cholera; as for bleeding, he will ask if any physician would resort to it in cases of poisoning, or highly putrid diseases. Has not Dr. Broussais of Paris, declared in his lectures on the cholera, that the blood in that disorder turned soon to the consistence of currant jelly?"

The annual report of the New York State Temperance Society, has just been published. It is very satisfactory to the friends of the cause. Among the facts stated in it are these:

There are throughout the State of New York seven hundred and sixty-four towns. Reports were received during the past year from 565 of these towns, which gave an aggregate of 1,119 Temperance associations, and 138,222 members of associations in the State. Many, indeed nearly all the towns in the State, are known to have one or more Temperance societies in them, so the number of associations of this kind in the State at this time, cannot be less than 1,500, and the number of actual members not less than 200,000, or one-eleventh of the entire population in 1830. It is further stated in the report, that there are two hundred and fifty stores and forty-four taverns in the state that have ceased to traffic in ardent spirits. Ninety-nine distilleries have been discontinued within the last three years either from principle or necessity. Since the commencement of Temperance Societies, the reduction in the consumption of ardent spirits in New York, is estimated at five-eighths, and it is given as a low estimate, that 2,222 drunkards have been reformed. These facts must prove strong incentives for the friends of humanity to go on in the good cause.

Recent Quarantine.—"Well, Doctor," said a friend to one of the physicians of the port of D. C. of Philadelphia, "I hear that they have got the cholera in Rhode Island, and are shutting up that quarantine." "No matter—and smiling," said the Dr.—"a cask hurt them they've got nothing!"

The declared value of the hardware and cutlery exported in the last year from Great Britain to foreign countries, was £1,600,631. Industry (as genius portion of the soil to the share) divides the labour of mankind among them, and the quantity manufactured of the trades is beyond calculation. The value of all commodities to the United States exceed £6,000,000.

A boat was raised in Vincennes, Indiana, by Dr. Stork, containing 34 inches in circumference, and weighing two pounds and three-fourths.

For Sale or Rent.

The House and Lot now occupied by the Subscriber in the city of Trenton, N. J. situated in the corner of Green and Front streets. The house is large and convenient, a large kitchen and gallery of one room. The Cistern water in the kitchen and at the back door. The lot has been occupied for a number of years as a boarding school for girls, and is well adapted for that purpose, or for a school for boys.

The out buildings are a wood house and coal house, a carriage house, stable and cow-house, with a hay loft over the whole; a well near the stable door; a large garden well stocked of fruits; and a good grass lot at the back part.

The property will be shown by the subscriber on the premises. Immediate possession may be had, if required by the purchaser.

JOSHUA NEWBOLD.

A CARD.

Mrs. Crosby, grateful for past favors, informs her friends and the public, that the course of her Musical and French Seminary will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 3d, at No. 95 Walnut street, third door above Third, south side.

☞ Three or four Young Ladies can be accommodated with boarding. sept 1—3t

Haydon's Picture.

The splendid picture will remain in this city until the first of October next, at the Saloon of the Academy, south Fifth below Walnut street. As it is positively there for the last time before its departure for Europe, a word to all the lovers of the fine arts is deemed unnecessary to induce them to visit the Academy. A portion of the first receipts is to be given to the widow of the late Mr. Bechtler, as a benefit, with the consent of the artist. The Pictures will be open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission 25 cents—children half price. sept 1—4t

Philadelphia High School for YOUNG LADIES.

The duties of this Institution will commence on the first day of October next, at the corner of Race and Bedford, as has been previously notified. The Principal will no longer have to meet his Teachers and Pupils, and to receive such explanations as may be required, at the other young ladies, at No. 8 Franklin Row, South Ninth street.

The members of the First Department of the last year, and whose conduct of study is not completed, will please to remember that the Second Quarter of the present year has been recommenced. The Principal has just received from the proprietor the valuable property adjoining the school on the east of the entrance. CHAS. HENRY ALDEN, Principal.

sept 1—3t

Seminary for Young Ladies,

In the Southern House of the Rev. M. Pilmore's Church.

Mr. D. B. Ashton announces to his patrons and friends, that he has removed with his pupils to the 1st of September, and solicits for his school a continuance of that liberal encouragement so far as he already received, and assures his patrons, that no pains shall be spared to merit a continuance of their support.

The object of this Institution is to afford the Young Ladies of the Northern Liberties and vicinity, an opportunity to acquire a useful and liberal education.

In the prosecution of this design, the following branches will be taught: Reading, pronouncing, spelling, writing, plain and ornamental penmanship, grammar, geography, ancient and modern history, the use of the globes, properties of maps, course of natural philosophy, chemistry and composition.

Rules for French, drawing and painting, an extra charge will be made.

☞ Particular attention will be paid to the elementary branches.

References—Rev. Wm. F. Ashton, A. M. Rev. Wm. Mann, A. M. Rev. Mr. Wyatt. Rev. Mr. Chancher, Rev. Mr. Hoyt, pastor of Wesley Methodist Episcopal. Dr. Charles Griffith, Joseph Taylor, Esq. Messrs. Charles Elliott, Jacob Cain, Jas. M'Cormick, and Daniel Pifer.

☞ Terms moderate.—The usual charges for stationery, twelve marks for a teacher, and no charge for the scholars for pens. sept 1—3t

Rev. Wm. E. Ashton's INSTITUTION FOR YOUNG LADIES,

No. 140 Chestnut Street.

William E. Ashton, A. M. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the duties of his Seminary will be resumed on Monday, the 3d of September next.

He also tenders his most grateful acknowledgements for the favors he has already received, and assures his patrons that no attention shall be wanting to secure their future encouragement. The course of study will be such as to afford a thorough, classical, and English education, in all the branches that constitute a liberal, as well as useful and practical education.

N. B. There being no vacation, from September 3d, A. M. to 1 P. M. will be devoted to the pursuit of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and Spanish languages, to music and drawing, and other extra mental duties at Terms by the quarter.

☞ A few boarders can be accommodated with the Instructor, for the education of younger children, on moderate terms. sept 1—3t

Card.—Dr. E. Smith Sugg,

Late member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and recently from Brussels,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Pittsburgh, Penn.

aug 25—3mo.

Six Cents Reward.

Runaway from the subscriber on the 3rd of August *John Bibbes*, an indented servant boy, 16 years of age dark complexion, had on dark mixed pantaloons and vest of, cotton jacket. All persons are forbid harboring the said apprentice. Any person bringing said boy to the county jail shall receive the above reward, but no charges.

THOMAS MOORE,
Upper Merion Township, Montgomery Co.
sept 1—3t*

Farm and Mill for Sale.

Pursuant to the last will and testament of Jacob Pa[illegible] late of Upper Merion township, Montgomery county, deceased, the undersigned executors will offer at public sale, on the premises, on Saturday, the 15th day of September next, at 1 o'clock, P. M. all that valuable property, late of the said Jacob Pa[illegible] deceased, situate in Upper Merion township, Montgomery county, on the road leading from Swedesford to Valley Forge, about 2 miles from the latter place, and 4 miles from the former, and 18 miles from Philadelphia, containing about 150 acres, more or less, of which about 30 acres are woodland, the residue is cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, and is divided into convenient fields, with a large proportion of meadow, and is well watered by never failing springs of water, and a small stream of water passing through the premises. The improvements consist of a large stone dwelling house, with three rooms on a floor, a large stone bank barn, with two sets of stables, and a wagon shed, and other necessary outbuildings, all in good repair, and a never failing spring of water at the door. A large apple orchard of choice fruit, and a variety of other fruit trees, are planted on the premises. The mill is in good running order, with two sets of stones, and is well supplied with water from Turkeytown Creek.

The above land is in a high state of cultivation, and will be found a very desirable location, as it is situated in a pleasant and healthy neighborhood, and on a public road leading from the Willow Grove to Germantown, about one mile from Jenkintown and ten from Philadelphia, and is well timbered with chestnut and post timber. Terms and title will be made known at the time of sale. The mill is a good custom mill, and is well supplied with water from Turkeytown Creek.

The above land is in a high state of cultivation, and will be found a very desirable location, as it is situated in a pleasant and healthy neighborhood, and on a public road leading from the Willow Grove to Germantown, about one mile from Jenkintown and ten from Philadelphia, and is well timbered with chestnut and post timber. Terms and title will be made known at the time of sale. The property will be sold absolutely, or in the mill, a certain house and part of the land separately. It is worth worthy the attention of persons wishing to secure money at good interest, and will be found worthy the attention of Farmers and Others. Persons wishing to examine the property will be shown the same by Jacob and Henry Pawling residing on the premises.

HENRY PAWLING, } Executors.
JACOB PAWLING, }

aug 25—2t

Emmitsburg Property.

I WILL sell the property recently occupied by me, the undersigned, as a two story brick house, outbuildings and garden, on the road leading from Emmitsburg to Gettysburg, 2 miles from the former place. Terms will be accommodating. Apply on the premises. MARTIN RAUGHLEY.

H. V. KAMPEN,
DENTIST,
No. 8 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Office Hours from 9 till 3 o'clock. may 4—3m

For Sale,

A well improved FARM, situate in the township of Springfield, Delaware county, eight miles from Philadelphia, containing about 42 acres, 30 of which are woodland, a good apple orchard, and a variety of other fruit trees.

Also, a excellent garden, containing asparagus, raspberries, currants, &c.

The improvements are a two story stone house, with three parlours, five ladies chambers, two kitchens and two cellars, a large barn, a stone spring house, over a never failing spring of water; a stone carriage house and smoke house, a pump at the kitchen door. The land is divided into fields, and is well watered, and an excellent situation for a tan yard.

Apply to
E. TUCKER, 48 North Fifth st., or to
SARAH EVANS, 14 Sydney's Alley.
may 28—3mos

CARPENTER'S
Camphorated Burgundy Pitch Plasters

The Burgundy Pitch Plasters are recommended by a number of the most respectable physicians of this city, as a useful preparation for the Chronic, and are admitted to be far in use of common plasters. They have been used in several cases of Pleurisy, and the disease was speedily removed and relief obtained in a few hours. Several cases of Rheumatism in the country, and it is proved that part of a large number of persons who have used them, were relieved in a few days. Of those plasters, there was not a case of death from the Cholera.

The addition of camphor to the composition of the above plasters have been found highly advantageous, and will render them more valuable in the cure of Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Pains in the Side, Weakness of the Back, and all complaints for which a plaster is required.

These plasters are neatly and carefully prepared at
GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S,
Chemical Warehouse, 56 Market street.
At the Wooden Ware and Variety store, No. 235 Market street, below 9th. aug 18—4m*

Dre's Patent Boots and Shoes.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to his new store, No. 2 Minor street, one door west of Second street, where he will be pleased to see all those who may favor him with their custom. He warrants them to be made of the best materials, and his workmanship to be equal to any in the city. Orders from the country will receive immediate attention, either for patent rights or boots and shoes.

Patent rights secured to any part of the United States, and connected with manufacture, patterns will be furnished.

☞ CASH OR HIDES WANTED. Patterns.
June 27—3mos No. 46 South Fifth st., Philada.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Subscriber most respectfully begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has rented, for a number of years, the above well known establishment, formerly occupied by Mr. Wainwright. The building was repaired and enlarged last Spring, at the time it was rented to the present occupant, and is believed to be the most extensive and convenient establishment in the western country. The subscriber, relying on a continuance of that liberal patronage which has been so generously bestowed upon his predecessor, hopes by unremitting attention to merit a share of the same favor. He has also taken into his employment the well known and experienced hostler, Mr. Jacob Bear, who has had charge of the stables for a number of years, and can accommodate gentlemen with the best of provender, and the establishment is furnished with a carriage and hack, which will be in attendance at the steam boat landing. Gentlemen will find this House a pleasant and agreeable residence, and the subscriber assures them that no pains shall be spared to render their sojourn with him comfortable.

JOHN A. PAWSON.
CHRISTIAN PAWSON.

aug 25—2t

Emmitsburg Property.

I WILL sell the property recently occupied by me, the undersigned, as a two story brick house, outbuildings and garden, on the road leading from Emmitsburg to Gettysburg, 2 miles from the former place. Terms will be accommodating. Apply on the premises. MARTIN RAUGHLEY.

H. V. KAMPEN,
DENTIST,
No. 8 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Office Hours from 9 till 3 o'clock. may 4—3m

For Sale,

A well improved FARM, situate in the township of Springfield, Delaware county, eight miles from Philadelphia, containing about 42 acres, 30 of which are woodland, a good apple orchard, and a variety of other fruit trees.

Also, a excellent garden, containing asparagus, raspberries, currants, &c.

The improvements are a two story stone house, with three parlours, five ladies chambers, two kitchens and two cellars, a large barn, a stone spring house, over a never failing spring of water; a stone carriage house and smoke house, a pump at the kitchen door. The land is divided into fields, and is well watered, and an excellent situation for a tan yard.

Apply to
E. TUCKER, 48 North Fifth st., or to
SARAH EVANS, 14 Sydney's Alley.
may 28—3mos

CARPENTER'S
Camphorated Burgundy Pitch Plasters

The Burgundy Pitch Plasters are recommended by a number of the most respectable physicians of this city, as a useful preparation for the Chronic, and are admitted to be far in use of common plasters. They have been used in several cases of Pleurisy, and the disease was speedily removed and relief obtained in a few hours. Several cases of Rheumatism in the country, and it is proved that part of a large number of persons who have used them, were relieved in a few days. Of those plasters, there was not a case of death from the Cholera.

The addition of camphor to the composition of the above plasters have been found highly advantageous, and will render them more valuable in the cure of Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Pains in the Side, Weakness of the Back, and all complaints for which a plaster is required.

These plasters are neatly and carefully prepared at
GEORGE W. CARPENTER'S,
Chemical Warehouse, 56 Market street.
At the Wooden Ware and Variety store, No. 235 Market street, below 9th. aug 18—4m*

Dre's Patent Boots and Shoes.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to his new store, No. 2 Minor street, one door west of Second street, where he will be pleased to see all those who may favor him with their custom. He warrants them to be made of the best materials, and his workmanship to be equal to any in the city. Orders from the country will receive immediate attention, either for patent rights or boots and shoes.

Patent rights secured to any part of the United States, and connected with manufacture, patterns will be furnished.

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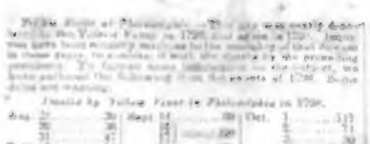
CHRISTIAN PAWSON.

aug 25—2t

**Emm



Profits of Printing.—"The price we could afford to give for the Federal Farmer in 1788, and which in 1797 [illegible] was [illegible] of that Revolution in these States, to a volume of such size could be [illegible] printed. To various causes [illegible] on the subject, we refer our readers to the following list of the amounts of 1788. Before the price was reduced.

Printed by Thomas Fleet in Philadelphia in 1788.

Aug.	21	26	Sept.	14	19	Oct.	5
	28	2		21	26		12
Sept.	4	9		28	3		19
	11	16		[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]

The Federal Farmer, as the [illegible] reprinted by Mathew Carey, of Philadelphia. It was called the same year, in a [illegible] article in N. Hampshire, and reprinted in other places in the month of August, 1788, the deaths in Philadelphia were

In [illegible]	[illegible]
In 17 days in September, 1788	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
From August 1 to October 1, 1788	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

In 1793 it was remarked that "the population fell from fourteen [illegible] during the sickness. In 1798, 30,000.

A Philadelphia paper of October 8, said "We may safely [illegible] deaths are not more than 2,000 each in the city." [illegible] 1793, stated 4,000. The greatest number of new [illegible] are supposed to have perished in that year was 911.

The population of Philadelphia in 1790 was about 30,000.—In 1800, about 67,000.—Boston Courier.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Sept. 8, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We beg to remind agents and subscribers who reside at places to this office that Country Bank notes are not received, on any terms, by the brokers of this city commonly any discount on account of subscriptions must be remitted.

A "Subscriber Immediate" should have sent the article for [illegible] published at an earlier day; it is now too late to give it place.

"Reminiscences," by W. T. T. are unobtainable.

The author of "Jessie Stewart" may rest perfectly satisfied of our readiness to appreciate his article. It is very easily that we have three or four columns of our paper "to spare" for such a purpose.

"The Ghost or Conscience" has many faults, exceptionable in which is to keep. We decline an insertion.

The motive to "Time."—"Time" we presume is intended—for immediate publication.

The political squib to "Nine Vir," is tinsly in styles and objectionable in sentiment. Defects of the mind, under peculiar circumstances, may be allowed as legitimate subjects of satire, but defects of the person never. Let persons from the female sex are especially regarded.

"The Poet's Grave" gives evidence of a degree of talent, but the article suffers much when compared with [illegible] poetry. If it be a first attempt the author has no cause for discouragement in our refusal to give it place.

Orion is welcome.

Orpheus writes with a strong wish, but a weak pen—he thinks as correctly, though unpoetic, but his language is [illegible] and incorrect.

Poor at Somerset.—The Directors of the second section, First School District of Pennsylvania, resolved at a special meeting held on Monday last, to reopen their School-house in Third above Brown street, for the re-admission of their pupils, on Monday, 17th inst. The School for colored children, belonging to this section, and located in Charlotte street, will be opened at the same time.

The Sanitary Committee have just published, in pamphlet form, the Report of the Physicians appointed by them to visit Canada, for the investigation of the nature and best mode of treating the epidemic Cholera. It occupies about forty octavo pages, and will no doubt be read with interest by the Medical Faculty, and the public generally.

Premium Wanted.—Some gentleman awarded has kindly [illegible] account of the best and [illegible] which adorn the walls of the Exchange Room, by putting them with "an [illegible] Book of art of western merchants willingly to appear for. The perspective drawings for that single act, a panorama location in the penitentiary. The Mayor of the city has offered a fee and a [illegible] for his superintendence, and professors to instruction.

SITUATION OF THE SOUTH.

The fact that our country is rapidly approaching an eventful crisis, seems to become every day more evident. The Hotspurs of the South, reckless of all consequences, appear determined to undermine our institutions, and shatter and penetrate our union—Some of the leading papers of South Carolina have boldly asserted the ban with *Nullification* at their head, and incendiary appeals, indicative of gross [illegible] on the part of the writers are daily made to the people.

The late and liberal concessions made by the friends of the Protective System, at the last session of Congress, and the disposition manifested by the manufacturers of the North to concede every reasonable request, have had not the slightest effect in suppressing the spirit of insurrection which has been roused—The idea of secession is heated and spurned, and it is universally asserted that nothing short of an entire surrender of southern interests, will meet the views of the secret cabinet. Among those who take this decisive stand are Vice President Calhoun, Mr. Clayton, Judge Smith, and a few other leading men, and it is not to be doubted that their influence has mainly contributed to sow those seeds of discord and strife, the fruit of which is inevitable!

A writer in a late number of the Southern Times, employs two columns in that paper, in endeavoring to inflame the minds of the people of South Carolina, and prepare them for the consummation which threatens the state. We extract the following, as a specimen of his logic—

"You are called to your industry, your amusements, or the attention of your children, and in fact on almost every necessary of life to an extent unprecedented in the annals of tyranny. Your every thought, feeling, sentiment is annihilated, your arms depopulated, and your country fast verging to bankruptcy and beggary. And the humiliating—the degrading truth cannot be denied, that our sovereignty is lost, and your heaven-born right to self-government arrested and offended, and that *you are now in fact in a state of colonial vassalage.*"

* * * * * * *

"It may, we repeat, be asserted without dread of refutation, that to preserve the Union is to continue the ascendancy of your oppressors, and to rivet the chains of slavery. The present is not a time for cold, temporising policy. All disguise should be thrown off, politicians (as in the days that tried men's souls) should speak in a voice of thunder to the affrighted ears of Tyrants—THIS UNION MUST BE DISSOLVED."

* * * * * * *

"Resistance! In these days chivalric France effected one of the most important Revolutions. Less than three days are sufficient for you to effect all your desire. Let the people rise in their sovereignty and [illegible] the [illegible] "We will be free," and like Michael Angelo that fell from the battlements of heaven, his sword barbed [illegible] which, with intricate thirst and vengeance [illegible] upon the life blood of the [illegible] will fall from its height into the abyss of infinity, and the chains which it has ingeniously forged for you and your children, will fall at your feet corroded. Be prompt! be decisive, and your victory is as certain as a struggle."

Such is the reckless depravity which characterizes some of the politicians of depravity and an ignorance which regards as reasonable the right of one state to resist the action of the General Government—and a spirit which would wade through fire and blood, in pursuit of an idle theory of a disorganized brain.

In a later number of the same paper we find an editorial article setting forth the modus operandi of [illegible]. The plan proposed is for the legislature of South Carolina, as we must presume, to call a convention for the purpose of altering the constitution of the State. That convention shall clothe the legislature with power to enact statutes and laws establishing, in unequivocal form, the doctrine of State Rights. The succeeding legislature will then be enabled to pursue its intention without difficulty. They will impose heavy penalties upon all concerned in collecting the duties of the Federal Government, and give the individual whose property may be seized by the Revenue officers for the payment of duties levied upon it, the right to the recovery of the property by civil process.

The issue being fairly made up between South Carolina and the General Government, the editor commences speculating upon the probable result. Gen. Jackson *may*, he advises, declare South Carolina in a state of insurrection, and station frigates off Charleston and Savannah, as well as about the shores with cutters, but, he rather supposes, he will avoid venturing on so hazardous a step, and refer the matter to Congress. It will then be for that body to determine, either to compel the disaffected States to recede, or to coerce them to submission.

Congress will not insist upon a secession, because, according to the Nullifying editor, "the North would be ruined by such a measure." Their manufactories would be levelled to the dust; their navigating interest would disappear from the ocean, as every port in Europe would be closed to their vessels; their political distinction would be lost, and "perpetual odium would be entailed upon the third and fourth generation of their descendants." Neither will Congress be disposed to coerce the South, because, in that case, the disaffected States will declare themselves independent, and form treaties with France, Great Britain, and the other powers of Europe—in which case the North must be utterly annihilated!

"It is evident then," continues the writer,—"the voice of Congress would speak concession. *They would annul the Protecting System*—reduce the tariff to the revenue standard—and be taught by the lessons of experience to refrain, at least for a season, from the violation of Southern rights."

This, in the South, may be considered a well wrought theory, with irresistible conclusions, but here it is regarded as heresy and rank nonsense. Every position taken in relation to the conduct of the Federal Government, we have no hesitation in believing decidedly incorrect. When the spirit of rebellion is so far roused as to come in collision with constitutional laws, the face of things will be materially changed, and though the consequences may be appalling, they who suffer will be compelled to say—"Our own perverseness has brought this desolation upon upon us."

The duel which was fought on the 16th ult. on the Georgia line, by Turner Byrnes, Esq. Editor of the Sentinel, and Mr. Perry, Editor of the Gonzeville Mercantiner, terminated fatally to the former at the first fire. Mr. Byrnes was a young man, who had acquired the respect and esteem of a numerous circle of acquaintances. The vest and coat of Mr. Perry were cut by the ball of his antagonist, but he escaped uninjured.

A reward of One Hundred Dollars, is offered by the Wilkesbarre Fire Company, for the detection in conviction, of the person or persons who maliciously cut the Hose, belonging to the company. Several accidents, it is stated, were rendered entirely unfit for service

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STRICTURES ON AMERICA.

Among a number of new works recently published by Carey & Lea, is an octavo of 225 pages, entitled "Remarks on the statistical and political institutions of the United States, with some observations on the ecclesiastical system of America, her sources of revenue, &c. To which are added Statistical Tables, &c.—By Wm. G. Chorley, Esq. Attachee to his Majesty's Legation at Washington."

This work is distinguished by strictures and reflections which differ materially from those advanced by Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope, in their recently published volumes on the institutions and domestic manners of Americans. The author, though an Englishman, and in the employ of the British Government, treats of America in the style of a gentleman of acute discernment, liberal ideas, and correct judgment. He examines our institutions, our principles and lists of government, our resources, prospects, &c. evidently with a design to present to his countrymen a fair and impartial picture of this country, and so far as his observation extended, his efforts have been attended with tolerable success. Some allowance for error should always be made to authors treating of a foreign country, and the common justice requires where the writer manifests a disposition to be honorable and candid. Forbearance towards such as Capt. Hall and Madame Trollope is, however, not to be expected, as the sole motive of such authors is to vilify, and vent their illustrated and unfavorable abuse. Of both these writers Mr. Chorley speaks with his usual openness. The former he unhesitatingly alleges, was governed upon his arrival in America, by a strong political bias—a powerful feeling of prejudice, which continually interfered with the exercise of his judgment, when drawing inferences from what he saw. To a material defect in the principles of the authoress, and to her exclusion from good American society, Mr. C. ascribes the vulgarisms and caricatures which distinguish her "Domestic Manners." In reference to her high colored statements, he says—"To estimate the fidelity of the writer's satire, as a picture of American society in the United States, let us imagine an American, or any other foreigner, coming to England, and 'boating' himself in the fens of Lincolnshire, or in some remote village of Lancashire or Yorkshire, and giving the language, tone and manners of the society that he might find there as a fair specimen of good company in England; or lodging at Wapping, and giving the 'wells' and 'eals,' the 'ouses' and 'hinages,' of some of the cockney writers, as a fair example of London manners! He might even add, 'I give this as a specimen of the *greater part* of the community,' with literal truth, as doubtless, nonsensically, the major part of the inhabitants of the metropolis do not distinguish themselves as *parvates* in language; but would it be strictly fair to convey such an expression of the general manners of England, if a faithful picture were needed?"

The chapter devoted to an examination and review of Mrs. Trollope's absurdities is highly interesting—The conclusions is these—

"Americans may well be excused if their patience is somewhat taxed by the short-sighted and expensive criticisms that are sometimes offered by foreigners upon their country, their government, or their manners. I look at the immense tract of country west of the Alleghanies, that a very few years ago was comparatively a wild forest, where many millions of acres were thinly occupied by a few thousand inhabitants, and see a population already greater than that of several independent kingdoms, daily increasing in numbers and adding to their comforts; where cities and towns spring up as if by magic from among the woods, its plains traversed by rail-roads and its grand lakes covered with steamboats. I see all this going on without tumult, bloodshed, or disorder; and when I exclaim, 'this is a noble, an extraordinary country!' I am answered in Abigail phrase—'Lor, shocking, the people eat with their knives!'"

Mr. Cowley notices the conflicting opinions of English authors in regard to America, and the unacceptions of many foreigners in regard to the real character of Americans. He adds—

"Americans are eminently practical men; all their undertakings, and generally all the measures, whether of governments or individuals in that country, are stamped with utility as their object, and dictated by sound practical good sense and prudence. They consequently quickly detect the wildness and absurdity of many of the republican theories of those Europeans, who would seek to adopt forms of government totally unfitted for the circumstances of their country; and soon adapt their views to the peculiar tone of the *political* atmosphere in which they find themselves."

The author devotes the second and third chapters to an examination of the objections made against Republics in general, and to a special review of the alleged tendencies of that of America. Upon this point his views are eminently distinguished by candor and liberality. Though not prepared to say that the laws and institutions of America are applicable to the present situation of affairs in Great Britain, he is far from concluding, as other authors have done, that the insecurity of our government is theme to be inferred. Of our penal code, he says—

"Instead of sanguinary enactments and injustice, we find in America a penal code singularly mild, and calculations to be conferred in taking away human existence; so as to render it a severe punishment with a view to the reformation of criminal, and not in a vindictive spirit and adapted for the reclamation of the criminal rather than for his destruction. Instead of spoliation or pillage, we see no country in which the possession and disposal of property are better protected, or its acquisition by judicious industry better assured. And above all, there is no country in which religion and its ministers are more generally respected and supported by the mass of the population, although without the exclusive privileges, and where the lives and endowments of the clergy more nearly approach to those of their great primitive models."

The middle and latter parts of the volume are occupied with observations on the Judiciary of the United States, the financial and general prosperity of the country, a notice of the war and treasury departments, American statistics, military and naval expenses, ecclesiastical revenue, public lands, expenses of the administration of justice, and our general resources. From *each* of these chapters we should be pleased to furnish extracts, but our limits will not at present permit us this gratification.

Annexed is an appendix, embracing a variety of interesting tables, statistics, &c.

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* "We had abundant ocular demonstration of the newest zeal to the subject of religion"—"scarcely a village, however small, without a church," &c.—Vide *Capt. B. Hall's Travels in the United States*, Vol. I. p. 153, and elsewhere.

* "With regard to the accounts lately published by a female traveller in America, if we were even to allow that they are faithful descriptions, and not satirical caricatures, it would be absurd as fair to estimate the church system of England by the proceedings of a meeting of Jumpers or Ranters in some remote village, or by the ludicrousness of the followers of Joanna Southcote, as to judge of the ministers and followers of different denominations in America by the representations of Mrs. Trollope."

Complaints have been made by some of our good readers, of the smallness of a portion of our print; which they have found it difficult to peruse without inconvenience to the eyes. This difficulty we have now obviated by procuring a new font of handsome Minion, nearly as small as our late Nonpareil, but as plain and conspicuous as Brevier. We have introduced it into our columns this week. By the new arrangement we are enabled to give more reading matter than usual.

Savings Fund Establishments.—The detection of villany in the management of the affairs of petty Banks, should teach us to be cautious of the confidence we place in such institutions. Every year the community is cheated by one or more of these swindling concerns, and yet no effort is made to arrest the progress of the pernicious system. The Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer, of the 28th ult. in relation to this matter, says:

"It is believed, that the affairs of the Bank of Macon, Georgia, have been fraudulently managed. It is asserted, that its agents were employed in the gold region of North Carolina buying up gold at more than its real value, and paying for it in Macon Bank Bills: that in this way a very large amount of its notes was forced into circulation in the western counties of this state, and that much distress has been produced by its failure. It is said, that from 20 to 30,000 dollars of its notes were held in the counties of Burke and Rutherford alone, and large amounts in other counties. The Bank is expected to pay from 20 to 25 cents on the dollar.

Does any one need a better argument in favor of the United States Bank than the failure of such an institution as this, and the loss to the farmers, the merchants, and the mechanics, of between 2 and 300,000 dollars? Destroy the United States Bank, and we shall have abundance of these mushroom Banks, ready to play off the same game as the Macon Bank, and to the loss of the same honest classes as have been cheated by that.

THEATRICAL.

Arch Street Theatre.—This establishment, which during the recess has been repainted and embellished with new decorations, was opened for the season on Wednesday. The stock company, with a few exceptions, is the same as it was last season. The entertainments selected for the first evening were Coleman's comedy of the "Poor Gentleman," and the farce of "How to die for Love." Mr. Jones as Sir Robert Bramble as the comedy, was highly diverting, and sustained his part with his usual ability. Mr. Duffy as Dr. Ollapod, and Mr. Forrest as Frederick Bramble, performed with decided spirit, and greatly to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Murdock, who appeared as Sir Charles Cropland, was warmly received; his appearance is much improved. Mr. J. Greene, from the New York Theatres, appeared as Humphrey Dobbins, and by his quaintness, drew down immense applause; he will be a valuable addition to the corps. Mrs. Manager Jones appeared as Miss Lucretia Mac Tabb. She has lost none of her invaluable superiority in personating such characters. The interesting Miss Riddle ably sustained the part of Emily Worthington. We are glad to perceive that this lady is retained in the company. With a few exceptions in the minor points, the comedy was well performed.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. M'Clure, a lady of high celebrity in the western theatres, appeared in the part of Miss Hardcastle, in *She Stoops to Conquer*. On Friday, the veteran Cooper commenced a short engagement as Mr. Beverly in the *Gamester*.

Mr. Hackett is announced to appear shortly.

A number of novelties are in active preparation, under the direction of the zealous managers, who we have no doubt will be indefatigable in their exertions to give general satisfaction. Success attend them.

Chesnut Street Theatre.—This house will be reopened for the season this evening, under the management of Messrs. Maywood, Rowbotham & Pratt.—During the recess the appearance of the interior has been much improved, and extensive arrangements have been entered into for bringing out a constant succession of attractive novelties. The grand military spectacle of Napoleon will be performed this evening. For Monday, the opera of Masaniello is announced; Mr. Sinclair as Masaniello, and Madame Feron as Fenella, two vocalists whose merits are too well known to render eulogism necessary.

Among the stock actors we are pleased to perceive the names of Messrs. Rowbotham, Wood, Maywood, Roberts, Rice, Mrs. Rowbotham, Mrs. Maywood and others, who constitute of themselves a brilliant galaxy of talent. In the course of the season Mr. J. Wallack, the fascinating Miss Vincent, Mr. Kemble, Miss Fanny Kemble, Master Burke and Mrs. Austin, will appear in succession. The campaign will no doubt prove prosperous to the managers, and gratifying to the public.

DRAMATIC ITEMS.

Mr. Charles Kemble and his daughter Miss Kemble arrived at New York from Europe, in the packet ship Pacific. They will shortly appear at the Park theatre.

Mr. H. Wallack is playing at the New-York Bowery, and Mr. J. Wallack at the Park. Both personated the character of Rolla on Tuesday evening. The latter was kindly received by a full house.

A new drama is in preparation at the Bowery, entitled "Old Jonathan and his Appurtenances."

The Italian Troupe have engaged the Richmond Hill Theatre, until the 1st of January next. They will open the house in the course of the present month.

Mr. Woodhull, an actor of merit, and late manager of Richmond Hill Theatre, died in New York on Friday of last week.

Miss Courtney, from the London theatres, made her first appearance at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on Friday week. She performed Lady Teazle. She is well spoken of by the Boston critics.

A new tragedy, called Guzmano, written by James Lawson, Esq. of New York, is in rehearsal at the Arch street theatre.

The New York American complimente Miss Fanny Kemble, "as probably at this moment the most interesting woman living."

Mr. Blake, Miss Duff and Mrs. Asbury, on their way to Halifax, gave a dramatic and musical entertainment at Hallowell, on the 31st ult.

Talking is one thing and doing is another; the man who is always talking can have no time to act.

Asphaltene.—The doctrine of the propagation of the Cholera by miasmata, appears daily to gain ground. A writer from Cheraspe (N. Y.) Republican, of the 20th inst. notices a remarkable phenomenon which occurred in that village, on the day previous. Immediately after a heavy fall of rain, there was observed on the leaves, door-sills, and steps of houses facing the north-east, from which point the storm had proceeded, a disagreeable matter, of a light color, not ropy, but of fine jelly, apparently having fell in large drops as described. As the shine or matter began to congeal, there were observed in it specks of a darkish color, resembling in substance curdles in soup or wine, and some persons who examined them, imagined they could discover in them live insects.

Foreign News.—In another part of this paper, we give copious extracts from foreign papers, received by the latest packets. The principal topics of interest which the reader will find detailed, are the death of the Duke de Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon Bonaparte—the defeat of Don Miguel's army by the forces of Don Pedro—the prospect of a war between Holland and Belgium, and the critical situation of Sir Walter Scott, concerning whose mental feeling is expressed by this community.

Legislation.—A proposition is before the British Parliament, to abolish the punishment of death in all crimes relating to property only. The present penal code of England affixes the punishment of death upon forgery, highwaymen, housebreakers, &c.

Anderson the Player.—The vocalist, who for his insolence was obliged to return to England, has published in the London Morning Chronicle, a long defence of his conduct, in which he bears particularly hard upon the whole tribe of Americans. The cause of the dispute between Lee and himself, he represents as being the insolence of Lee to Mrs. Anderson. Lee refused to answer a challenge to fight, and was posted on shipboard as a "coward." Hence arose his bitter persecution of Anderson. In reference to his reception at New York, he says—"They pelted me with *open penknives*, glass bottles, lemons, onions, hooks and eyes, large pieces of wood, rotten eggs, chessnuts, door-keys, and ladies' combs." At Boston, to save his life, he was compelled to make his escape over the roof of the theatre, and in dropping to the street, he was caught by a friendly projecting hook, and there hung in the same state of classic suspension as the Prophet's tomb, and came off somewhat like poor Nicholas Jarvis, minus a shirt. In Baltimore, though Mrs. Anderson's reception was friendly, he met with many annoyances. Mrs. A. was shivered by Mr. Wallack, as Ambrose, manager of the Baltimore theatre, and he believing his troubles would never end while in "rascally America," concluded to sail home. He took notes, as he travelled, and threw it in his intention shortly to publish. They will present rather a scurvy picture of the inhabitants of the "inhospitable shore."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We understand that Mr. Hugh Hatch, of Camden, N. J. brought to the Philadelphia market on Wednesday, a lot of unusually fine peaches, which sold for 12½ cents each, or $2.50 per half peck; twelve peaches filling the half peck measure.

The annual election, for the choice of Governor and members of the State Legislature in Maine, takes place on Monday next.

Thomas Hale, Esq. was elected President of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society, in place of Andrew Hertzel, Esq. deceased.

The store and lot No. 241 Market street, between 12th and 13th (the lot 18 feet front and 130 deep,) subject to a ground rent of $16, was sold by Messrs. Freeman, auctioneers, at the Merchants' Coffee House, for eighteen thousand two hundred dollars.

A fiend of ours, who travelled, not long since, through a great portion of our Western Country, relates a peculiar custom which has escaped Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope. You frequently see, he says, men without shoes or stockings, shivering their heads from the sun by an umbrella; a sight good that our countrymen in that region, know which is the chief end of the human body.

A gentleman of this city made an experiment in his vault, to try the purifying effect of the dust of charcoal. It succeeded beyond his anticipation, and entirely disinfected the vault of nauseous exhalations, without leaving any of that unpleasant odor that characterises the chloride of lime. The experiment is well worth trying by all persons who relish a sweet atmosphere about their establishments.

We are pleased to learn that the much admired picture of La Belle Nature, which has recently been on a visit to Baltimore, where it has attracted numerous admiring visitors, is once more offered to public view in South Fourth street, second building from the corner of Chesnut. It is certainly a production of established merit, highly deserving the many encomiums passed upon it in this and other principal cities of the Union.

The Blairsville (Pa.) Record of the 30th of August, announces the arrivals of *sixteen* scows at the "Port of Blairsville," in the week preceding; among them the *Commodore Perry*, Capt. Findley, from *India*, with 30 tons of Pig metal.

The schooner Charles Annis, from Camden, Me. bound to New York, was run into on Tuesday night, by a square rigged vessel, and almost instantly sunk. The crew escaped by taking to the boat.

Two persons, one named Woods, the other Mc. Laughlin, were accidently killed, on Friday of last week, near Meadville, Pa. by the falling of a tree, about which they had been working.

A carpenter named Philip Wing, fell from a house in Grafton, Mass. on the 16th inst. and was immediately killed.

Lewis Hottenberger and John Nash, were arrested in Baltimore, on Saturday last, in the act of robbing the Dry Goods Store of Messrs. Watkins & Co.

On Tuesday, the 21st ult. Mr. Nathan Epworthy, of Bainbridge, Lancaster county, was accidentally precipitated over a ledge of rocks eighteen feet high, and instantly killed.

James J. Ryan's Dry Goods Store, No. 151 Chatham street, New York, was destroyed by fire on Monday last.

The Secretary of the Treasury offers a premium of $500 for the best plan of a bridge across the Potomac.

The St. Louis, Mo. people tendered a public dinner to Brig. Gen. Atkinson, in honor of his late victory over a few straggling Indians. It was declined.

One of the philanthropic sons of charity, who so kindly volunteered to nurse during the prevalence of the Cholera at Baltimore, has, we learn with deep regret, fallen a victim to the pestilence.

There was frost in the vicinity of Albany on the mornings of the 24th and 25th ult. The Kingston U. S. Chronicle of the 25th says—"The oldest resident in this vicinity does not remember to have experienced, at this season of the year, any thing equal to the cold of last night; it actually froze, and froze hard. A slight coating of ice was seen on the bay at an early hour."

The New York Courier & Enquirer of Monday week, announces that it has lost 645 subscribers since its change of politics, and gained 480.—Net increase 165.

Barbarous Extraordinary.—At a recent barbecue in Union District, S. C. among other things served up to gratify the palates of the party present, were four hundred and twenty-five grey squirrels.

The democratic delegation of Bucks county on Wednesday last nominated Joseph Ritner, of Washington county, for Governor, and Col. John G. Watmough, as a candidate for congress, from the Third Congressional District.

A New Hampshire Journal mentions that a person named David S. Young, of Gilmanton, recently mowed an acre of grass, in one hour and three minutes.—On taking up the hay there was found to be over a ton upon the acre.

Novel Cure for the Cholera.—Professor Oertel, of Germany, has published a pamphlet dedicated to the King of Prussia, in which he announces the most successful remedy for the Cholera to be *cold water*, plentifully applied both inwardly and outwardly.

A letter from Robert Dale Owen, published in the Free Enquirer, confirms the intelligence of the marriage of Princess Wright. He previous to the late bride as Madame Derrierant.

The number of interments from Cholera in Quebec, from the commencement of the disease on the 8th June to the 19th August, were 2,930.

The sale of water melons, musk melons, and cantaloupes, is prohibited in Hartford, Connecticut, under a penalty not exceeding $100.

Killed by lightning on the 7th ult. eight head of cattle, the property of Mr. Lemon Stone, of New Milford. When found they were all lying in a direct line, the first being about six rods from the farthest, and the others filling up the intermediate space equidistant from each other. One of them was shockingly mangled, but on the rest scarce any mark was seen. They were near a tree, which, it seems, the lightning first first descended.

The Life Insurance Company in Baltimore has issued seven policies during the quarter month that in any three months since its operations commenced.

Bell's Comet, according to the calculations of astronomers, is now in the immediate neighborhood of our system, and will soon be visible, if it is not already. It will be nearest the earth on the 25th of October, distant about 51,000,000 miles. It will appear brightest about the 12th November. Its apparent course for a month to come, will be nearly due West. Its last periodical return was in 1826.

Two persons were playing cards in a barn, in Middletown, Dauphin co., on Saturday, when they quarrelled and fought concerning the stake, 12½ cents, and one killed the other. The offender has been secured and lodged in the Harrisburg jail. An inquest was held over the body of the deceased, whose name was Joseph Sanford, and a verdict of murder returned against the survivor.

The Charleston Patriot says, that a slave who was the *husband and property* of a *free colored woman*, was recently tried and executed for having wounded two white men.

Centenaries.—According to the returns of June, 1830, there were at that time living in the United States, 2079 persons, more than 100 years of age.

Messrs. Childs & Inman have issued a lithographic likeness of the Hon. William Wirt, done in Newman's best style. The drawing is good, and we are told the resemblance is striking. The same artists have just completed a duplicate for a society, which contains the best specimen of writing that we have ever seen lithographed.

We have before us the Tampico Gazette of the 30th July, and have examined the file for that month. The Mexican Union presents still a melancholy picture of political discord and civil war—it is difficult, moreover, to find grounds of hope for any period of *tranquility*.

Scottish Information.—A challenge has been offered by James B. Richardson, Esq. to run Bertram, jr. and Little Brown against Andrew and Bennets of Hoy, four miles heat, carrying one hundred pounds for each, for Five Thousand Dollars aside, each race half forfeit. The race to be run over the Washington Course in Charleston on the Monday and Tuesday week, preceding the first day of the annual races at that place.

Two watchmen in Baltimore succeeded on Saturday morning, in arresting a pair of thieves, who had broken into a dry goods store. They were fortunate enough, likewise, to secure the merchandize, about a thousand dollars' worth, which the rogues had carried off and concealed.

Mechanics' Bank in Providence, R. I.—Counterfeit five dollar notes on this bank have lately been put in circulation. They are dated September 3d, 1830, and made payable to S. B. Wood.

The forthcoming edition of the Chaucer Dictionary, we understand, will contain the following definition, of Nolidemnate:

"*Nullification.*—The abstract idea of the little end of the tail of nothing."

The whole number of cases of cholera, reported by the Board of Health of the city of New York, including Harlem, Yorkville, &c. since the commencement of the season, July 4, to Aug. 23, were 5,702, and 2,166 deaths. The City Inspector, during the same period, has reported 1,811 interments of the same disease.

A most painful occurrence took place at Chester, Con. on Monday of last week. A child, the son of Mr. James Utley, aged about 3 years, while at play near the house, was almost instantly killed by the fall of an ox-cart body, which was standing erect against the wall. The child, endeavoring to climb the cart, started it from its position which caused the melancholy accident. Its head was literally crushed.

At the commencement of Harvard University, on Wednesday, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Washington Irving, of New York, and Jonathan Sewell of Lower Canada. Ninety-seven young men were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

More than two hundred citizens of Quebec and its neighborhood have addressed a letter to Dr. Stephen Ayres, thanking him in the warmest manner for his humane and efficient exertions in "saving the lives of so many of them," at a time when the Cholera raged there in its utmost violence.

A black fellow named John Ayres, a convict in the Eastern Penitentiary, committed suicide by hanging himself on Wednesday morning last. He effected his purpose by tying a band of cotton yarn around his throat, attaching it to one of the bars of the door, and then drawing up his feet until dead. He was confined for the murder of the overseer of the almshouse of Montgomery county, committed in a fit of supposed insanity.

Gen. Hayne has entered the lists in the Charleston papers, against Col. Drayton. They have warm work of it in South Carolina. The latest news with discussions of the Tariff and of Nullification. Now and then they have a personal encounter, by way of variety.

A Correspondent of the National Intelligencer can not comprehend why the Cholera has appeared at Washington and Georgetown, and has not yet visited Alexandria. All is good time. But the epidemic is in fact inscrutable—what it is, whence or why it comes, or even when; how or why or when it goes, no man has yet discovered.

The Farmington, (Me.) Yeoman says, the town of Rumag was visited by a snow storm on Saturday the 25th of August.

The Mackerel Fishery of the town of Hingham has been less than one quarter as great as last year.—In 1831 there were packed 23,203 bbls; in 1832 only 5,465—Less this year 17,839 barrels.

The body of a female, supposed to have been murdered, was found last week in Mystic river, Mass.

Snow on the 26th of August.—The Portland Courier of Monday says:—"The White Mountains were yesterday covered with snow. They were distinctly seen from the Observatory in this city, and from the appearance the snow must have been several inches deep. The weather here for two or three days has been uncommonly cold for the season."

DOUBLE LOOPED STOCKINET

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

IN A new article of a superior quality. The subscriber would inform the public that he has commenced the manufacture of Cotton, Worsted and Woollen Shirts and Drawers, which possess many advantages in neatness, elasticity and durability, over those heretofore made. The peculiar construction of the stockinet renders it impossible for it to rip, and will not shrink in washing, as will be satisfactorily proved to any one who may purchase, and gives the article a decided superiority.

He will always keep on hand a quantity of shirts and drawers, made of different threads; and will make them to order, when required, at the shortest notice. Those who wish to prepare for the approaching cold weather, are invited to call and examine his fabrics. JOSEPH BIRKETT, No. 8 College Avenue, south side of Market st. above Schuylkill Fifth.

sept 8—3t

Tin Ware Manufactory.

No. 62 North Second Street, above Arch, and 174 North Second street, opposite Pear street, Philadelphia.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that he has removed from his old stand, corner of Willow and Second streets, to the above mentioned places; and hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B. Gutter, house pipe, copper, tin, and sheet iron roofing, done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

sept 8—3t

Mineral Water.

LANNING & LUKENS, No. 116 North Fifth street, have prepared a mineral water, with 2 lbs. of Lanning's Fever Aperient, which is warranted to contain the requisite quantity of salts, and will effectually operate, and with those who are fortified by use, and those who make mineral water with this quantities, and to render the article pure as it can be made, it is recommended by nature in the purest, that no one is to be used by any other person, or by any other person, act, or usage, but that of J. D. Lanning's simple and improved apparatus.

None is genuine but that which has been used, and operates as above, and that those who may wish to be assured of the year, or purchase by appearance, may have an opportunity of testing and judging for themselves.—We publish the following certificate received by a few respectable druggists, who have purchased by us, or vending mineral water, made with J. D. Lanning's Portable Apparatus.

We the subscribers, from what we have seen and experienced with Lanning's Portable Apparatus for Impregnating Water, are decidedly of the opinion, the water prepared with said apparatus, fully equal to any prepared in the old fashioned way with a pump, and of any difference, it is undoubtedly in favor of the new invention.

Dr. Robert Morris, ... corner of Fifth and Race street.
Edward Needles, ... corner of Fourth and Race st.
Daniel Pettit, ... corner of Fourth and North st.
Dr. Wm. Price, ... corner of Race and Vine st.
Edward P. Wilcox, ... corner of John & Cedar street.
Samuel B. Hale, ... corner of 13th & Wood street.
Mahlon Ewing, ... Race near Fifteenth street.
Dr. Wm. Goddard, ... corner of Arch and Second st.
Dr. W. Morris B. ..... Queen street, Kensington.

sept 8—3tos*

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

Be it Remembered, That on the twenty-third day of July, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, D. S. MERIL C. ATKINSON, of the said District, has deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

PHAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District.

aug 8—tf

Removal.

CHARLES MAGARGE has removed, for the present, from No. 51 Minor street, to No. 206 North Third street, one square.

aug 25—3t

Dyspepsia.

C. JOY invites the attention of all those who are troubled with Dyspepsia, to the use of his Vegetable Bitters, which have for many years been deemed a certain remedy for that disease, when all other means have failed. Numerous certificates of their virtues can be seen at the office, No. 36 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, the 6th door below Race, on the east side. Price 2 dollars per bottle. One bottle is sometimes being sufficient to effect a cure. Those who have used the Bitters, are requested to call and examine the certificates. Sold by S. B. Gummere and Richard Gaffney, agents.

aug 25—3t

Tin Ware Manufactory.

No. 62 North Second Street, above Arch, and 174 North Second street, opposite Pear street, Philadelphia.

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N. B. Gutter, house pipe, copper, tin, and sheet iron roofing, done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

sept 8—3t

The Hon. William H. Maynard, member of the New York State Senate, died in the city of N. York on Saturday night, of the Cholera.

ALMANAC.

1832. SEPTEMBER.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON'S AGE.	HIGH WATER.
8 Saturday,	5 41	6 39	8 44	
9 Sunday,	5 43	6 17	1 31	P. M.
10 Monday,	5 44	6 36	2 17	
11 Tuesday,	5 45	6 35	3 3	
12 Wednesday,	5 46	6 34	3 47	First 4 30
13 Thursday,	5 48	6 32	4 34	Full 10 0
14 Friday,	5 49	6 31	5 22	Last 17 8
15 Saturday,	5 50	6 30	6 10	New 24 2

Southwark.—A meeting of the Citizens of Southwark in fav